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Friday, December 21, 1973

Hanukka 5734



הכדמן הנערך

Cover picture: Aaron the High Priest
Lights a Candelabrum. From "The
British Museum Miscellany" (circa
1280).

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Elections for the Knesset and the Local Councils — December 31

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OR

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TO FIND A WAY TO PEACE**

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OR

The Emet list, led by Yehoshua Rabinowitz, which has administered Tel Aviv and brought untold improvements to the city and its social amenities. The party which earned general acclaim for the way in which it maintained the services of the city during the emergency?

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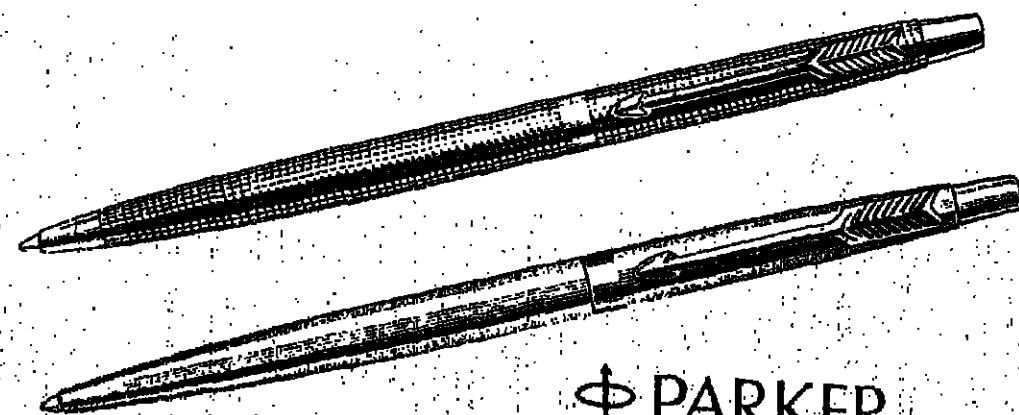
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1973

PAGE FOUR

ANY TALKS ARE BETTER THAN NO TALKS

Lea Ben Dor

WITH ANY luck, the Geneva peace conference will be starting this morning: at least that was the way it looked on Wednesday, when this page of the paper was finished.

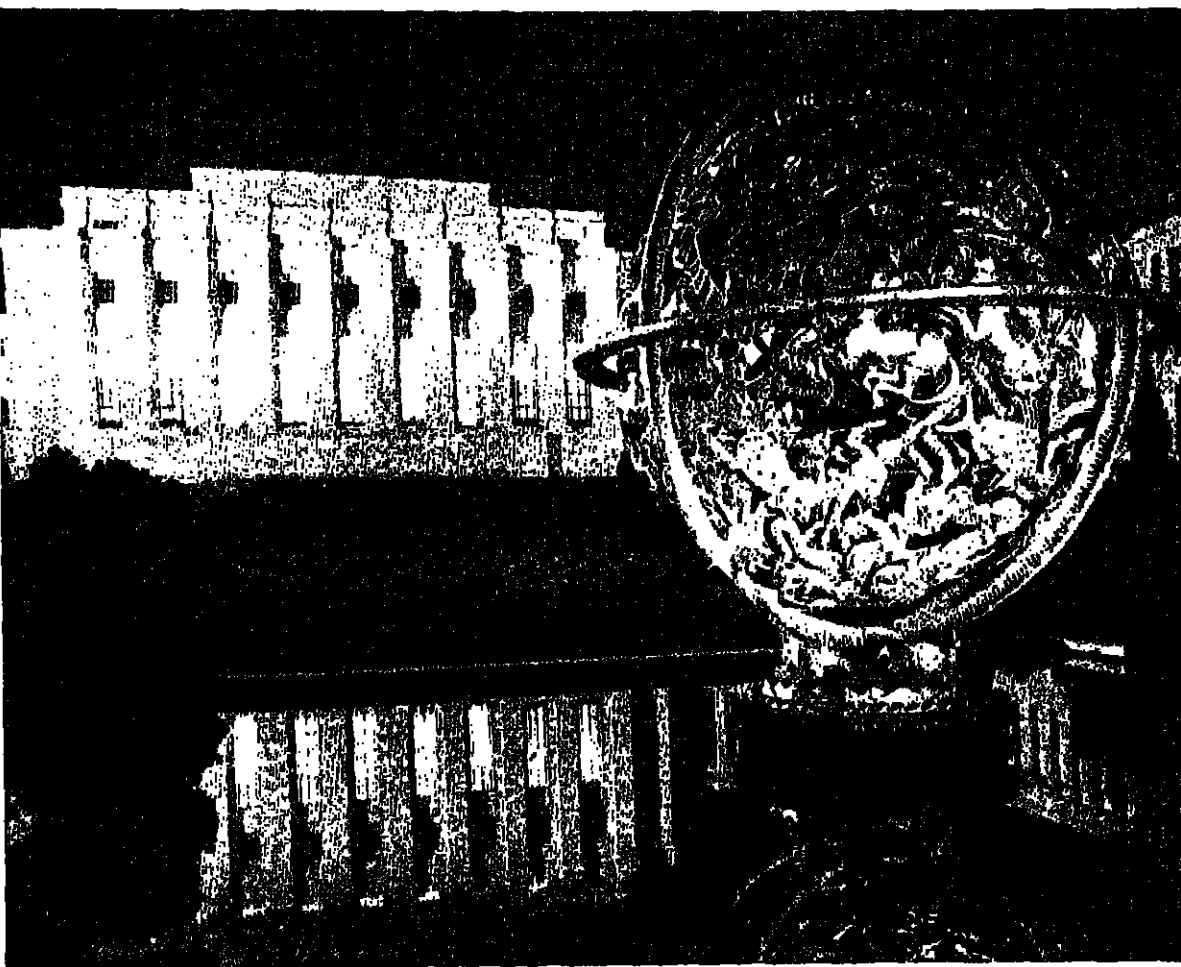
Should we feel the prescribed relief since U.S. Secretary of State Kissinger declared that his conversations here on Sunday had been warm and satisfactory? Can we accept without all hesitation Foreign Minister Eban's hopeful report on the meeting? Dr. Kissinger, after all, is not in pursuit of our aims in Geneva, but of getting some kind of a settlement that will reduce the load on the U.S. Mr. Eban, it is generally accepted, is an optimist who continues to believe profoundly that international relations are governed by established rules.

WE ARE in fact going to Geneva with a fatalistic feeling that any peace conference is better than none, even if the word peace has to be dropped from its title. This is perfectly true in theory, and in practice it may become a death-trap. We said we would go to peace talks unconditionally, and have found that the other side has been quick to make and proclaim its conditions — total Israel withdrawal to the lines of 1967 and the dangerously vague slogan of "the restoration of the rights of the Palestinians." What is more, these conditions have already found wide acceptance on the part of Arab and other leaders not closely involved in either the war, or even the Middle East.

So that's all settled. In order not to seem to be laying down conditions, we have only announced that we shall not return to the lines of 1967. If everything there is to be negotiated in Geneva is predetermined in accordance with the wishes of the other side, where can a conference take us? But would you stay away at this stage? Of course not. Any peace conference is better than none.

WE DID end up forced to make one precondition for talks. We said we would not talk with the Syrians if they came to Geneva without having previously given us a list of the names of Israeli prisoners of war whom they hold, and permitted Red Cross representatives to visit them. It seems that Dr. Kissinger did his best to persuade the Syrians to hand over the list, and perhaps even tried to enlist the help of the Russians, and at one point there was a suggestion that there was some progress. But the U.S. has no real means to pressure Damascus. The Syrians could be reluctant to produce the list at this time, in the glare of publicity of Geneva, because they know it contains fewer names than it should. Or they may, unfortunately, have understood that the names of the prisoners are a matter of great importance to us, and wish to hold them as a bargaining card. It is not in accordance with the Geneva rules, but rules have never been much honored by the Syrians, especially on prisoners.

The Syrians could have brazened it out and gone to Geneva, leaving us to pluck petals off a



Venue of the conference, the Palais des Nations. (Below) One of the gigantic murals.



daisy to decide whether we should do as we said, and stay away, or say, again, reluctantly, any conference is better than none. The best guess at the moment is that President Sadat told them to stay away and not endanger the first meetings. We do not know just how much longer the Egyptian Third Army can hold out, encircled as it is and unable to fight should the shooting begin again, or how much longer the Egyptian public can be kept in ignorance of the fact that the city of Suez is also cut off. President Sadat cannot afford to lose any time, but President Assad of Syria can figure that it is difficult for Israel to maintain troops up on the cold Hermon frontier in winter, and

that the longer he waits the more impatient Israel will get. THE REFUSAL to sit with the Syrians unless they produced the lists of prisoners was not a political gambit, but a matter of elementary national self-respect. You cannot talk about peace, disengagement of forces or adjustment of borders with a neighbor so cruelly hostile as to conceal the names of prisoners in the hope of demoralizing your public. To talk under such circumstances is not better than not talking at all, for there is no intent on the other side to move towards peace, but only towards an Israeli surrender.

THERE ARE other pitfalls ready and waiting for the Israeli negotiator

and prepared in Geneva. Dr. Kissinger has told us that it is not significant that Dr. Waldheim, the U.N. Secretary-General, will preside over the opening session of the conference; that the arrangement was in part unintentional and remains without significance. Of course we shall not stay away because Dr. Waldheim is the chairman, he is not an enemy. But the organization he represents takes votes branding us aggressors, inhuman exploiters and imperialists whenever it pleases, and the Security Council has voted to appoint itself as the body under whose auspices the conference is to be held. Dr. Kissinger has assured us that this also, is a mere formality and again, it is at present not

reason in itself to stay away from Geneva, for any conference, etc.

But what of the day when we do not see eye to eye with the U.S. concerning the substantive matters to be discussed at Geneva? And a widening gap was noted even on Sunday. The U.S. will then be able to say, "If you do not care for our advice you may have that of the Security Council instead, and without benefit of an American veto in the event of drastic developments." The machinery is already there and will scarcely need activating, nothing more than a little loosening of the brakes. If and when this happens, there will be very little time to consider whether this conference is still a peace conference, or the U.N. taking the waters in Geneva. Like the matter of the prisoners in Syria, it would be better weighed in advance. For, in fact, not every conference is better than no conference. As long as there is any prospect that President Sadat would prefer to avoid a further war — at least for a period for which one may reasonably plan ahead — then it is worth talking, even with great difficulties and seeking to arrive at viable, agreed borders. It could even be an advantage to deal with Egypt now, and with Syria at a later stage. But it ceases to be worth talking the minute the conference drops back into the familiar U.N. routine that has run against us for many years. It would be much better to announce this ahead, and have no last minute heart-searchings whether perhaps after all any talk is not better than no talk. It is not.

IT WAS touch and go that the Palestinian organizations were to be one of the original partners to the conference, with the PLO forcing them into more aggressive positions, and the crazed, trigger-happy bomb-throwers of the Black September breathing down their necks. Nobody can live with the Black September men. They have become the nemesis that now threatens the Arab world more than Israel. A conference with them is not better than no conference, for they do not want peace. There is no place for them in a peaceful world. The Palestinians themselves, who live in the West Bank, are a different matter, for the very great majority of them wish to live in peace. There again, we must know when talk loses all purpose, or we shall find ourselves dragged into one dangerous concession after another in a fruitless attempt to keep talks going at any price.

WE SHOULD not be so tiresomely suspicious, they say. We might not be but for the strangely revealing press reports out of Washington that Dr. Kissinger is reluctant to bring direct pressure to bear on Israel now, just before the elections. The reports read like a joke. No need to worry now, because I'm not going to try to push you off the cliff for another three weeks. In a sense it is also a cause for worry that Dr. Kissinger should be seen by U.S. columnists as so indifferent a judge of personalities as to fear that open American pressure could be seen here as another "failure" of the government that might bring in Mr. Begin's hard-lining Likud. The line and the talk are harder, but the leadership is not nearly as tried and tough.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1973

PAGE FIVE

הכרזת מלחמה

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE OIL CRISIS

The oil-rich Arab countries are accumulating surplus royalties so fast that they are finding it useful to reduce the output of their wells even as they raise their prices. But their leaders, notably Saudi Arabia's King Feisal (left), have also found it opportune to exploit the fuel crisis they have thus caused in the industrialized West as a means of political blackmail aimed at Israel. The two issues are wholly unrelated, argues SHMUEL YAARI, a leading expert on international oil problems. A joint stand by the main importing countries, he writes, would be enough to put an end to the Arab game of blackmail and bring the desired relief from oil pressures.



THE YOM KIPPUR WAR was — at least in one important aspect — a godsend for the Arab oil-producing countries. Had that war not taken place, these countries would have had to find some other pretext for cutting their production of oil; but the cuts would have come anyhow. As it was, the war provided them with the opportunity they were looking for and there are naive people all over the world who believe that, but for Israel, the Arabs would immediately put their policy into reverse and the oil crisis would be over.

This is sheer delusion. To begin with, output restrictions by the Arab governments did not start with the October War. More than three years ago, Libya ordered a drastic cut of its output from 3.3 to 2.2 million barrels daily (m.b.d.), i.e., by one third. The reason given was that the oil companies were depleting Libya's reserves at a rate faster than that prescribed by sound conservation rules. Two years ago, the Government of Kuwait froze production levels at just over 3 m.b.d., giving a similar reason.

What would have been the very serious result of these decisions by two major Arab oil producers were mitigated, for a time, principally by the phenomenal growth in output by another Arab country — Saudi Arabia, which sits on the greatest oil reservoir in the world. In the three years ending September 1973, Saudi production leapt from 3.5 to 8.5 m.b.d. According to the programme of Aramco, the American operating company which holds the Saudi concession, output was scheduled to rise to 20 m.b.d. by 1980, which would make Saudi Arabia by far the world's largest oil producer.

But it must have been clear to any realistic observer for some time that not only would such an ambitious programme never be approved, but that even the recent rate of increase was being steam-rollered by Aramco in the face of growing opposition within the Saudi Government. A number of cabinet ministers were advising King Feisal that it was time for their country to follow the example of Libya and Kuwait for urgent economic and financial reasons, regardless of any other considerations.

A clear indication of what was in the wind could be seen in the articles published in the last few months by American newspapersmen who had visited Saudi Arabia and talked to members of the Government. Toughest of all, according to John Cooley, writing in the "Christian Science Monitor" in July, was the Finance Minister, who called for a production freeze, "not because of Israel, but simply because Saudi Arabia can spend not more than 60 per cent of its present annual budget."

At the same time, another minister told Jim Hoagland of the "Washington Post": "We have found that the maximum revenue we can usefully absorb is brought in by production of seven million barrels a day. Anything we pro-

THE MAJOR ARAB OIL EXPORTING COUNTRIES

	Saudi Arabia	Kuwait	Abu Dhabi	Iraq	Libya	Algeria
Population (million)	10,000,000	2,000,000	50,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	1,500,000
Proven oil reserves (billion barrels)	93 or 158	65	20.7	28	30	13
Oil Production (m.b.d.)						
1970 average	3.8	3.0	0.4	2.0	2.0	1.4
September 1973 average	8.5	3.4	1.1	2.0	2.0	1.4
Annual oil revenues (\$ million):						
1970 — actual	1,200	900	230	620	1,300	315
September 1973 — annual	11,000	3,500	2,000	3,000	4,000	1,400
Government's foreign currency and gold reserves (\$ million):						
mid-1973	3,700	2,500 + ?	?	1,100	2,500	500

* That is, if the September 1973 production level were maintained for a whole year.

duce over that harms our own interests." In these circumstances, it is not surprising that King Feisal who, throughout his long career, had always rejected unequivocally any suggestion of using oil as a political weapon, has lately found it expedient to introduce a political note into his public pronouncements on the subject. Thus, in an interview published in "Newsweek" on September 10, Feisal said:

"Logic requires that our oil production does not exceed the limits that can be absorbed by our economy. Should we decide to exceed that limit in response to the needs of the United States and the West, two conditions must first be satisfied. First, the United States and the West must effectively assist the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia in industrializing itself in order to create an alternative source of income to oil, the depletion of which we shall be accelerating by increasing production — and also so that we can absorb the excess income resulting from production at such a level. Secondly, the suitable political atmosphere, hitherto disturbed by the Middle East crisis and Zionist expansionist ambitions, must be present."

Clearly, if he intended to cut production anyway, he might as well win a few laurels for services rendered to the anti-Israel cause in the process. And it is typical of the prevailing confusion as to the real causes of the oil crisis that the world press has given prominence to Feisal's condition number two, while condition number one has hardly been mentioned.

Lastly, according to a recent statement of Deputy Oil Minister Prince Saud, a decision to cut production had actually been taken by the Saudi Supreme Petroleum Council just before the outbreak of the October War. WHAT IS IT that, over the past two or three years, has driven the oil-rich Arab States to strive towards restricting their output when, before that, they were vying with each other as to who would produce most? A glance at the accompanying table shows the revolutionary change in their financial situation over the past three years, which, rather than anything else, is the basic cause of the oil crisis. The watershed was the beginning of 1971, when, under heavy pressure from the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), oil companies, with the tacit approval of the importing countries, put their

signatures to the Tehran and Tripoli agreements, which sent oil prices (and, consequently, the "takes" of the governments) rocketing at a rate unprecedented in the history of the international oil industry. These agreements, which were to run until 1976, were greeted in many quarters with a sigh of relief as heralding a relatively long period of stability, albeit at a high price. This was wishful thinking. The two agreements revealed to the narrow cartel of OPEC, in a dramatic manner, the infinite possibilities of dictating its terms when faced with a massive and divided world of consumers.

In fact, no sooner had the ink dried on the documents than the OPEC countries began to find reasons for reneging on their commitments and imposing on the oil companies, and on the importing countries, a series of "supplementary agreements" which have kept prices spiralling ever since. One very recent chapter was written on October 16 in Kuwait, at a conference of all the oil-producing countries of the Persian Gulf, including non-Arab Iran. This conference was a follow-up to the negotiations that had already been going on with the oil companies for yet another price hike, and had no connection with the more restricted conference of the Arab countries the following day, which decided on production cuts in the context of the Arab-Israeli war.

THE FANTASTIC rise in the total revenue of the Arab oil countries as a result of these price changes is indicated in the table. Obviously, most of them cannot spend usefully the billions they are flooding into their coffers. If Saudi Arabia could not use more than 60 per cent of last year's revenue, which totalled \$3 billion,

how much will it be able to spend of the \$11 billion or so it should get from an output at the September 1973 level at the new price? Or, for that matter, how much could it possibly use of an annual income of more than \$25 billion in 1980 — a recent State Department estimate on the basis of the programmed production level of 20 m.b.d. and of a price forecast, that at the end of the century, the oil price will be \$100 a barrel? The industrialization that King Feisal talks of as his aim might be a possible answer, were it not so patently hopeless in the conditions of Saudi Arabia, with a population of some six million that has not long begun to emerge from a nomadic existence and — apart from oil — has hardly any natural resources to speak of. It looks even more hopeless in the case of Kuwait, Abu Dhabi and Libya, all of them with much smaller populations and territories, and no less barren.

However much they try to force the pace of spending — regardless of the inflationary pressures this would create — they cannot possibly avoid piling up billions upon billions of monetary reserves. But looking at it from their angle, it makes no sense to convert growing volumes of oil, which is appreciating, into holdings of foreign currencies, which are depreciating. From their point of view, it is more sensible to slow down the depletion of their only natural asset and preserve their horn of plenty for as long as possible.

By a curious accident of geography, while most of the Arab oil exporters are desert countries, all the major non-Arab exporters — Iran, Venezuela and Indonesia — are highly-populated countries with an abundance of agricultural and other natural resources, and can find good use for all their oil income, either for current needs or for development projects against the day when they have exhausted their oil. That is why they have not accumulated — and probably will not accumulate in the future — unwieldy money reserves and have not needed to restrict production. Only one Arab oil-rich country is in the same category: Iraq. It has both the potential for expanding its oil output and an economic incentive to do so.

SIGNIFICANTLY, Iraq is the one country which dissociated itself from the resolution to cut production passed by the Arab oil ministers at their conference in Kuwait on October 17. Iraq expressed itself ready to take selective measures against countries branded as friends of Israel, and actually nationalized the American and Dutch shares in the oil concession in the Basra area (having more than a year earlier nationalized the share of all the parties, including the British and French, in the more important concession in the Kirkuk area). But it remains opposed to across-the-board cuts of output, and is in fact boosting its oil output beyond the pre-October level.

There is no way of reconciling these two criteria, least of all if the hallowed principle of "sovereignty over natural resources" is taken to mean — as it is today — that Kuwait is free to fix the price of its oil (discovered, developed and produced for it by others) at a level one hundred times the cost of its production; to control the amount of output at its convenience; and to deny it to anyone it pleases.

THERE IS a compelling economic logic that is bound, if no corrective action is forthcoming, to exacerbate the oil supply situation rather than ease it. This is the vicious circle: rising oil prices, with a resultant mushrooming of the monetary assets of the Arab desert countries, induce them to slow down production; a resultant

The Kuwait resolution bears the clear stamp of King Feisal's reasoning as expressed in his "Newsweek" interview. It starts by proclaiming that the high production levels achieved by the Arab oil exporting countries meant "sacrificing their own interests in the service of international cooperation and the interests of the consumers." Because of Israel's misdeeds, and Western acquiescence therein, they were being "induced to take a decision to discontinue their economic sacrifices in producing quantities of their wasting oil assets in excess of what would be justified by domestic economic considerations."

Only the simple-minded can believe the promise implicit in this resolution that if the wishes of the Arab oil potentates as regards Israel are fulfilled, they will voluntarily "sacrifice" their own interests and supply the world with the quantities of oil it requires today, not to speak of the much larger quantities it will need in the years to come. Surrender to such blackmail, morally apart, cannot possibly avoid piling up billions upon billions of monetary reserves. But looking at it from their angle, it makes no sense to convert growing volumes of oil, which is appreciating, into holdings of foreign currencies, which are depreciating. From their point of view, it is more sensible to slow down the depletion of their only natural asset and preserve their horn of plenty for as long as possible.

Indeed, Kuwait's Oil Minister, al-Atiqi, went even further in a bland statement to Japanese newsmen as recently as December 17. He told them that his government was resolved to reduce production to one-half the September level (i.e., from 3 to 1.5 m.b.d.) for economic reasons, no matter what might happen on the Arab-Israeli issue. Thus, there is no getting away from the fact that the real issue is not Israel but whether the tempo of recovery of the vast oil reserves buried under the sands of Arabia is to be determined solely by the needs, or dictates, of 750,000 Kuwaitis, 6 million Saudis and 60,000 Abu Dhabians, or by the needs of the world at large.

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scarcity of supplies in the market, drives prices and monetary assets up again, and so on.

Quite apart from the availability of oil supplies, the consuming countries face the daunting problem of financing their increasingly expensive imports. Crude oil prices at their present level already spell disaster for the economies of poor and energy-deficient countries such as India and Pakistan.

But even the strongest and most developed economies are in danger of having their backs broken by the burden of spiralling oil prices. For example, the recent deterioration in Japan's economic position is due, in large measure, to this factor. In the case of the United States, while there has been a lot of learned talk about how much more oil it will need to import in the coming years — a figure of 12 m.b.d. is generally forecast for 1980 — nobody has yet come up with a satisfactory answer as to how the U.S. balance of payments could support the bill for such a volume of imported oil. Even at today's prices of oil and transport, 12 m.b.d. of imports may well cost \$25 billion in a year. Nor has there yet been any answer as to how the Western monetary system will be increased to keep going when the increasing sums siphoned off from the importing countries over the next few years have swollen the liquid assets of the Arab oil governments into a mass of \$50 to \$100 billion hovering over the international money market.

ANOTHER COMMON misconception that needs de-misting before the oil problem can be tackled is that any single importing country can assure its oil needs by "long-term agreements" with one or other Arab government, whether or not accompanied by political bribery.

Both logic and experience show that any apparent advantage derived from such bilateral arrangements is ephemeral, because no importing country, acting on its own, can make the other side abide by its promises when it finds it expedient to break them.

France, of all countries, is a case in point. For a number of years, France has been taking independent action to safeguard its own oil supplies by a policy based on direct deals with Arab governments, cemented, supposedly, by a pronounced anti-Israel attitude. This did not prevent France's oil interests in Algeria — her most valuable oil asset anywhere — from becoming the first victim of the Arab expropriation drive. Colonel Boumedienne's nationalization of French oil assets in May 1971, preceded by more than two years the initiation of similar steps by Colonel Gaddafi against American and British oil companies in neighbouring Libya.

Another case well-known in oil circles, though hushed up by French officials, is that of the disappointment suffered by the French State-owned ERAP company, when it was preparing to reap the rewards of its heavy investment in the concession granted by Iraq as a political prize soon after the Six Day War. And, of course, the French have been paying through the nose for the oil they have been getting, just like everybody else. Their one indisputable achievement, however, has been the disruption of the normal patterns of the international oil trade and making supplies more precarious and more expensive for everybody, themselves included.

Undaunted by past experience, France is still chasing the elusive aim of a "privileged position" in the Arab oil countries. She now appears — this time together with Britain — as the leader of surrender to Arab blackmail, preferring the momentary favours of the oil potentates not only to friendship with Israel, but also to the fundamental interests she shares with her partners in the European Community and NATO.

It is not difficult to guess the real reason behind the special treatment accorded by the Arab oil ministers to France and Britain in assuring them (for how long?) an oil supply at pre-crisis levels. It is clearly not so much a matter of gratitude for their stand during the Arab-Israeli war as a bait to induce them not to make common cause with the other major importing countries — something the Arab oil producers are afraid of, and with good reason.

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THERE IS ONLY one way of arresting the process which is threatening the international oil trade with complete chaos, and that is by getting the major consuming countries together to work out a joint plan for resisting the pressure exerted on them. Until now, it seems to have been taken for granted that it is quite proper for producer interests to join forces and dictate their terms through cartels like OPEC and OAEPC (Organization of Arab Exporting Countries); but any suggestion that the consumer countries combine has immediately been shouted down by Arab spokesmen as an "imperialist" conspiracy.

Actually, a joint stand by the industrialized countries already sitting together under the roof of OECD, North America, Western Europe, Japan and Australia — would be enough to put an end to the Arab blackmail game.

In what way could such a powerful block of nations make its weight felt on the oil scene? Power, in this context, does not necessarily have to include the threat of military force, although in recent months there has inevitably been some thinking aloud in certain quarters in this direction. Thus the "New York Times" in a recent editorial speculated that if a country like Saudi Arabia chose to "mete out" production to suit itself alone, it could face a military threat from

consuming countries that had reached the "catastrophe stage." And last May, Senator William Fulbright, of all people, ventured the following in an address on the energy crisis to the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee: "I take the liberty of advising the Arab States not to underestimate the power and determination of the forces which may coalesce against them... The Saudi Arabian Minister of Petroleum Affairs, Ahmed Zaki Al-Yamani, is reported to have said, 'We are in a position to dictate prices, and we are going to be rich. Saudi Arabia is indeed going to be rich but the Persian Gulf countries would be well advised not to press too hard and to treat their oil wealth as a kind of global trust, if for no other reason than for their own safety. The meat of the gazelle may be succulent indeed, but the wise gazelle does not boast of it to lions.'"

BUT BEFORE any cruder form of action need be considered, economic retaliation by a united front of OECD countries might well bring the desired relief from Arab oil pressures. All Arab oil producing ones, are dependent oil imports from the OECD area for virtually everything they need for their daily life, from basic necessities like wheat and medicines, through spare parts and knowhow for their factories and water distillation plants, to the most extravagant luxuries. Moreover, almost all their government's monetary assets (probably already totalling about \$15 billion) are kept in the form of a few major Western currencies, and cannot conceivably be taken out of the Western monetary system. If oil can be embargoed, so can other goods, and bank balances can be blocked. Communist countries could not do better substitutes for most of the OECD goods and, in any case, it is unthinkable for the rulers of Arabia to become totally dependent on Soviet Russia unless they have made up their minds to scuttle their regimes.

Indeed, the very resolve of the principal importing countries to meet the oil crisis with a united front might constitute a sufficient deterrent to make such retaliatory measures unnecessary. It all depends, of course, on whether the necessary degree of solidarity can be achieved. So far, superficial divergences of interest, myopic policies aimed at securing "privileged positions" and Arab threats have all tended to keep the importing countries apart, to be picked off one by one. But perhaps it is not altogether unreasonable to assume that the cumulative weight of past experience and the unprecedented campaign of blackmail now in progress will make them all realize that unity of action is their only salvation.

An abbreviated version of this article has appeared in the "New York Times" and the "Chicago Tribune."

هكسان النفل

Two famous Rhinelanders

METTERNICH. Councillor of Europe by Alan Palmer. London, Weldenfeld and Nicolson. 405 pp. £4.75.

ADENAUER: A Study in Fortitude by Terrence Prittle. London, Tom Stacey. 334 pp. £4.20.

Susan Hattis Rolef

TWO BIOGRAPHIES have recently been published about two famous Rhinelanders, Clement Wenzel Lothar von Metternich, who was born in Coblenz in 1773, and Konrad Adenauer, who was born in Cologne in 1870. The first had devoted his political career to serving the Hapsburg Empire; the second dedicated the first part of his political career to the city of Cologne, but the latter and most important part to the reconstruction of a democratic West Germany. To Metternich the enemies were Liberalism, Nationalism and Revolution; to Adenauer they were National-Socialism, Socialism and Communism.

Metternich's statesmanship suffered from the fact that the aim which he had set for himself — trying to stop the flow of history — was unattainable, while Adenauer's diplomacy suffered from his lack of flexibility, particularly on the question of relations with the "other Germany."

As Rhinelanders, they were both more "European" minded than most Germans, and did not care for the Prussians, but Europe signified something different to each of them. To Metternich, who was fluent in several languages, it was a Europe of legitimate rulers, and to Adenauer, who could barely utter a word in a foreign tongue, it was a democratic and integrated Europe.

Both men were Catholics, but, whereas Metternich was fond of society and indulged in many scandalous love affairs, Adenauer was austere, and often told off his colleagues for their indiscretions. When Metternich died in 1859 he had been widowed three times; of his 12 children, six survived him. Adenauer was twice widowed, and upon his death in 1967 was survived by seven of the eight children he had fathered, and by 23 grandchildren. The ages in which the two men lived were fundamentally different. Politicians today may envy the apparent lack of urgency in the running of state affairs in the first half of the 19th Century. Conferences and congresses could last weeks or months, and each turned into a sort of carnival or cultural marathon. How pleasant it must have been to discuss the affairs of Europe to the sound of Beethoven conducting the Seventh Symphony! It has been a long time since a Prime Minister or Foreign Minister could leave his capital for many months and run the affairs of his country from a foreign land. The slowness of communications is well demonstrated by the fact that the news of the death of Tsar Alexander I took over two weeks to arrive in Vienna.

Both Metternich and Adenauer left behind their own memoirs, of which Adenauer's are by far more dependable. Both have also been the subjects of numerous biographies, to which the ones by Alan Palmer and Terrence Prittle are the latest additions. But there are great differences in the writing of a biography of a man who died more than a hundred years ago and one of a contemporary. Palmer was able to build up his biography of Metternich on the basis of masses of documents and the writings and letters of Metternich himself. The picture of Metternich since the death of the man about whom he was writing enabled Palmer to evaluate dispassionately the achievements and failures of the controversial "Councillor of Europe."

Prittle did not have access to documents, but, on the other hand, he could draw on his own personal acquaintance with Adenauer (he was



Konrad Adenauer writing his memoirs at the age of 90.

correspondent of the "Guardian" in Germany from 1946 until 1963) and interviews with numerous personal friends who had known the Chancellor. Whereas 19th century writers could not avoid emotion in writing about Metternich's war against liberalism and nationalism, Palmer was able to take a detached view. Metternich failed in this war because his two "enemies" were inevitable developments, and because he never seems to have understood that the revolutionaries of his age were capable of more than mere destruction. He was struggling to maintain a system, and was unwilling to concede that this system did not serve the interests of those social classes and nations, who were gaining in power during his lifetime.

Metternich's rise to fame was quite rapid. At the age of 20, he was already given diplomatic missions, but his first more substantial post was that of Minister at Dresden in 1801. In 1803, he was moved to Berlin, and in 1806 was accredited to Napoleon's court as Austrian Ambassador. At the age of 36, he became Foreign Minister, and six years later, achieved his greatest diplomatic success at the Congress of Vienna, which re-established the balance of power in Europe after

the Viennese historian Viktor Rühl, who claimed that it was actually the Emperor who pushed Metternich. Metternich was master of his own mind, and furthermore, believed his self to be infallible — he never conceded having made a mistake, and claimed never to have changed his mind.

In 1854, Henry Kissinger wrote about Metternich (though not in the form of a biography) and in his present-day diplomacy seems to have taken not of what he himself had written in connection with the 19th century diplomat: "The conservative in a revolutionary period always represents somewhat of an anomaly... What had been taken for granted must now be defended and the act of defence introduces rigidity." Kissinger has therefore set himself against conservatism in foreign policy and has thus avoided rigidity — this is what Metternich failed to do.

Palmer's biography of Metternich is the first to have been written in English since the 1930s. Though it does not supply any exciting new information it is not heavy as previous biographies have been, and is extremely readable also to the non-historian. It mixes diplomatic history with descriptions of Metternich's family and social life. Nevertheless, one does not feel that one has really got to know Metternich after reading this book. Perhaps no one ever really got to know what lay beneath the polished and concealed facade, and one may excuse Palmer for his failure in this respect.

Prittle's book is more successful in portraying a real and living character. The book does not uncover any sensational facts, but there are many little anecdotes which have not been written before, and many more which have previously appeared in German only. Quite naturally, Prittle quotes extensively from his own articles in the "Guardian" and seems pleased with his previous observations.

From his book emerges a self-made man who came from a family of limited means. Unlike Metternich, Adenauer was not born into public office, but rose gradually to become Mayor of Cologne, a post which he held from 1917 until 1933. In that year he was dismissed by the Nazis, who were not pleased with his unwillingness to be more than formally correct in his relations with them.

There is one episode which occurred during the period when Adenauer was Mayor of Cologne which may be of interest to students of Zionism. On January 20, 1927, Adenauer joined the Committee for Palestine and was invited to be the principal speaker at the first public rally which the committee held on November 22 of that year. Though Adenauer finally declined to participate in the rally, he sent a letter to be read at the meeting. This letter (an English translation of which appeared in *The Jerusalem Post* when Adenauer visited Israel in 1966) warmly welcomed the Zionist endeavour in Palestine, and Adenauer's favourable comments on the Jews earned him the abuse later of the anti-Semites.

The widely held concept of Adenauer suddenly being discovered in 1949 as a politician capable of leading Germany is shown to be erroneous. During the Weimar Republic he was offered, at least once, the Chancellorship of the Reich, but he declined to accept it, as he was sure he would be exchanging his secure post as Mayor of Cologne for a very temporary one as Chancellor of the shaky Weimar Republic. His calculations proved correct, and the 12 years which he spent in forced retirement (and often in hiding) during the Nazi regime gave him the necessary clean past (and clear conscience) to take upon himself the leadership of the Federal Republic after the War.

The only politician to challenge Adenauer's policies seriously during his first years as Chancellor was the SPD leader Kurt Schumacher, but the latter was in very poor

health, and, when he died in 1950, his party was left with a weak leadership and no serious alternative policy for the following eight years. Strangely enough, Adenauer was seriously disturbed by the return to Germany in the early '60s of Dr. Heinrich Brüning, who had been Chancellor in the Weimar Republic for a brief period. Though Brüning had returned in a purely academic capacity, Adenauer feared him as a rival, and managed to force the Chancellor to withdraw to the United States.

Adenauer's main interest was in foreign affairs (an interest shared with Metternich). He succeeded in giving West Germany back her sovereignty and self-respect, aligning her with the West, in particular with France and the United States. The impressive controversy is whether he could have done more to bring about the reunification of Germany. Terrence Prittle does not believe that the Soviet Union was interested in reunifying Germany, and therefore does not think that Adenauer's policy was the cause of this failure.

Adenauer knew what he wanted and ran his government in the same austere manner that he ran his own large family. However, the author rejects the claims of some previous biographers that Adenauer played his advisers against each other.

Adenauer's main blunder was in not knowing when to resign. Like Metternich, he felt that after his resignation chaos would take over. (Metternich was right, Adenauer was not.) In 1963, at the age of 83, he had decided to resign and to accept the post of President, but, when he realized that Ludwig Erhard would succeed him as Chancellor, he withdrew his candidature for the Presidency. Perhaps, however, it was better for the Federal Republic that Adenauer did not become President, for there are good reasons to suspect that he would have tried to transform the Presidency, as de Gaulle had done in France, and thus upset the constitutional stability.

His last four years as Chancellor enabled him to crown his life-time efforts to improve Franco-German relations with the famous 1963 treaty. Nevertheless, during those four years, his popularity declined. Prittle notes in particular the bad impression made by his slow reaction when the Berlin wall was constructed in August 1961, and his failure to visit the divided city immediately. When the wall went up, the West German politicians were in the midst of an election campaign, during which Adenauer alluded to Willy Brandt's illegitimacy. Since Brandt was proving to be a serious and formidable rival with ideas and drive comparing favourably with those of Adenauer, this remark was particularly unfortunate. Six years after Adenauer's resignation, Brandt made his famous "Zero hour" speech, in which he declared that he had succeeded in rebuilding a stable and thriving German state from the ruins left by the War. His fears, like those of Metternich, that the lesser mortals who would succeed him would be incapable of tackling the great problems of that age were proved unfounded.

As the latest biography of Adenauer, Prittle's book is recommended reading. However, this is not a definitive biography, as there are still many unpublished documents which will permit a future author to make an even better evaluation of the achievements and failures of this rather remarkable man who, with regards to the Federal Republic, proved to be the right man at the right time, but perhaps for a little too long.

Dr. Rolef to Lecturer in International Relations at the Hebrew University.

Henry A. Kissinger, *The Conservative Dilemma: On the Political Thought of Metternich*, The American Political Science Association, Bantam, December 1964.

LEARNING FROM THE MACCABEES

The Book of the Maccabees contains some of the problems of our existence today, writes YARIV BEN-AHARON, member of Kibbutz Givat Haim (Me'uhad), teacher in the Maagan Michael Regional School, novelist ("Hakrav"), member of the "Shdemot" Editorial Board, and son of former Histadrut Secretary-General Yitzhak Ben-Aharon, in this article on "Why Study Jewish History," published six months ago in the "Yahdav" youth journal.



LEARNING JEWISH history is for us a journey into self-understanding, faith. The kibbutz came into being as a crystallization of our own identity. It is very difficult for a Jew to confront other cultures without having a point of departure of his own: his cultural identity and his national and spiritual uniqueness. Confronting what other nations have created without one's Jewish infrastructure is apt to lead to self-dismal.

One may ask what the importance is of self-understanding, why one ought to give preference to the study of Judaism over Buddhism or Islam or over ancient Canaanite culture. The answer is that to understand ourselves means to know the truth about our identity and to understand the meaning of our existence.

Every person must strive for the truth in all spheres. And the truth is that we are Jews. The truth of our Jewishness is a historical truth involving our affinity to this land, our spiritual roots, and our affinity to the generations that preceded us in the chain of Jewish history.

There is a danger that those beginning with the here-and-now will remain here, will be left standing in the now, will not add a single stone to the structure of our life and will remain stranded in emptiness. Our entire spiritual edifice, our spiritual components are the residue of the creativity of earlier generations. We are the continuation, but we are also a beginning for things to come.

There is no human life without faith. The kibbutz came into being out of faith. When there is no link to the sources, something irreplaceable is lost. These are the things that we are. We have no other basis, no other root; this is our basis, no other: the Jewish people, and from within it we can think and create and continue.

By the time of his resignation in October, 1963, Adenauer had fallen out with many members of his inner circle, and he was unable to prevent Erhard's succession as Chancellor. However, the relatively smooth development of the Federal Republic after Adenauer had officially left the political scene was proof of the fact that he had succeeded in rebuilding a stable and thriving German state from the ruins left by the War. His fears, like those of Metternich, that the lesser mortals who would succeed him would be incapable of tackling the great problems of that age were proved unfounded.

As the latest biography of Adenauer, Prittle's book is recommended reading. However, this is not a definitive biography, as there are still many unpublished documents which will permit a future author to make an even better evaluation of the achievements and failures of this rather remarkable man who, with regards to the Federal Republic, proved to be the right man at the right time, but perhaps for a little too long.

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but by means of some imported theory or socio-economic concept. An important aspect of Judaism is the affinity between the most abstract ideas and the need to put them into practice. In Judaism, as in the kibbutz, there is no idea without deeds, just as in both of them and faith is without the idea, without faith.

THE SEVERANCE of the kibbutz from the classical Jewish sources turns the kibbutz into a petit bourgeois, conservative, materialistic, shallow society steeped in alien fads. It is precisely the kibbutz that needs the Jewish soul and the authentic values latent in it of human dignity and equality; of faith in the redemption of the individual, the Jewish people and all humanity; of a festival culture; of the values of labour and fulfilment; of readiness to sacrifice something for one's faith — not only in war but in every-day life as well.

To be cut off from the sources is to be without roots. A tree without roots cannot stand — this is the kibbutz today, especially of the younger kibbutz generations that have not been given this foundation of the classical Jewish sources. And the problem is not a matter of changing the school curriculum. It concerns the whole spiritual world of every kibbutz member — pupil, graduate, and adult. It is not a matter of adding a chapter to a textbook; it is a matter of a whole spiritual world; it is the essence of life.

What do people mean when they say they "don't believe"? In what does a person believe? Totally without belief, without faith? Or only without a belief in Divine Providence, in the power of God? It is worthwhile grappling with the problem of faith. What is faith in the life of Man?

It is the content of our lives. There is no need, and it isn't seemly, to evade the issue.

I don't think there is any need to "bring rain to Jerusalem." Judaism is inside us. In the real problematic of our life, otherwise, our life is taken over by the here-and-now by "I feel like" or "I'm not in the mood," by the cult of the machine and the cult of the entertainment and sports stars and the more primitive forms of idolatry, by every wind of imitation and self-dramatic fashion.

The matter of our confrontation with the modern world is a serious problem. We have to come to this confrontation as Jews; the confrontation is a fruitful one. Judaism has had many confrontations with other philosophies, religious faiths and cultures without them destroying, assimilating or swallowing her. These were fruitful confrontations, which took place when the Jewish nucleus of our being was full of vitality.

What are the obligations that arise from the deep awareness that he is a Jew? Maybe our flight from the classical Jewish sources stems partly from the fear of coping with criteria which will be difficult for us to withstand because, in a number of matters, we have sunk below the human and cultural achievements of the Jewish people in certain bygone periods. Perhaps we are afraid to measure ourselves by any criteria at all? Perhaps we find it more convenient to live in the here-and-now so as not to have to measure ourselves by any criterion?

COPING MEANS coping with the creativity of millennia, with a destiny, with a burden. It means coping with a legacy, facing up to it. One thing to be 18 years old, and quite another to be 4,000 years old. A young person becoming a member of a kibbutz — is that all he is: 18 years old? Is his personal biography all that he possesses? Or is there some legacy summoning him, speaking to him, able to give him a push and also some joy? It may be that he ought to rebel against it, or it may be that he ought to carry it on, but one

butz life had become, and the collapse of a world of socialism that had been built without any Jewish foundation.

Today, after having delved deep into the classical Jewish sources, I find it possible to be a better, fonder socialist. In Judaism there is a more radical dealing with social problems, the problem of equality, interpersonal relations. All of Jew-ant, and "kicked" and then neglected to stop and think where they were heading, forgot to live by their conscience. For myself — I was pushed to stop and clarify things by the personal quandary I found myself in as a result of the Six Day War and the War of Attrition.

Also by the wasteland that kibbutz.

Judah and the Superpowers

OVER 21 CENTURIES AGO, around friendship and alliance, so that the time that Judah the Maccabee Romans might rid them of Tyr- and his forces drove the Greek army, for it was clear that the Seleucid Syrians from the Temple Greek empire was reducing Israel in Jerusalem — an event we are to slavery... The Romans found the now commemorating with the proposal acceptable, and the following 2,137th Hanukkah celebration — the ing is a copy of the reply which Romans began their march to world they inscribed on tablets of ascendancy. Judah decided it would and sent to Jerusalem...

"Success to the Romans and the be good Realpolitik to tie up with Jewish nation by sea and land for what we read about this in ever! May sword and foe be far from them! But if war breaks out I Maccabees 8: "Now Judas had heard about the first against Rome or any of her Romans: they were renowned for allies throughout her dominion, then these military power and for the the Jewish nation shall support welcome they gave to those who them wholeheartedly as occasion became their allies; any who join may require. To the enemies of Rome or of her allies the Jews shall neither give nor supply provisions, arms, money nor ships; so Rome has decided. These commitments shall be kept without breach of faith.

"These are the terms of the agreement which the Romans have made with the Jewish people. But if, hereafter, both parties shall agree to add or to rescind anything, then they shall do as they decide; and such addition or rescindment shall be valid."

Judas accordingly chose Hupolemus son of John son of Ascoas, and Jason son of Blazar, and sent them to Rome to conclude a treaty of be valid."

THEATRE / Yvonne Glikson

Herod built a city, and named it Caesarea, in honour of his friend Gaius Julius Octavianus, Augustus Caesar. Here are the streets of marble, The broadways of the gentiles, And the houses of Herod's city, Behold their gracious courtyards, And the busy wharves of Herod's city, The merchantmen here unload their cargoes, from Rome, From Athens, from Alexandria, and from far Tarragona. Corn from merchant Anthony (his ghost naturally) To his friend butcher Herod: Anthony to Herod, farewell. Anthony gave Cleopatra the palm grove in Jericho, Yielding balsam for her unguents. She was also Herod's friend, but was bitten By a serpent. Dead for the sake of her paramour Anthony. Long live Caesar. See This is the theatre built by Herod With the whole Mediterranean for its backdrop. What are they showing in the theatre, friend, today? Let's stay and see the spectacle. They are mocking at the Jews In the latest comic play. They say it's good, uproarious.

Victorian derring-do

FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE by George MacDonald Fraser. London, Jenkins. 286 pp. £2.25. **BEAU BLACKSTONE** by Richard Falkirk. London, Eyre Methuen. 224 pp. £1.75.

Philip Gillon

FLASHY, THAT CONTEMPTIBLE coward, bully and psychopath, saves England once again, when braver men are busy bringing her to disaster. In "Flashman at the Charge," our non-hero, trembling like a rabbit, fights the battle of Balachva almost single-handed: he forms one of the 93rd Highlanders' "thin red line of heroes," accompanies the Heavy Brigade in Scarlett's idiotic assault up a hill, and finally gets ahead of the unspeakable Cardigan in the insane charge of the Light Brigade. Captured by the Russians after they recover from the amazement at the British action, he goes on, still shaking like a leaf and dreaming of desertion until filled with hashish and lust by a lovely Chinese bandit (if that is the feminine for bandit) to foil a Russian attempt on India. The Russians seem to have been just as nasty a century ago as they are now.

This, the fourth volume of memoirs by the villain of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," is as amusing and exciting as ever. Flashy gets in many incomparable cracks in the patriotic heroes who demanded that Sevastopol be taken while asking for the marmalade over breakfast, and at British generalship, which made the Charge of the Light Brigade the most famous feat of idiotic arms among all the stupid battles in history. While we laugh at Flashy, we identify completely with him, and wish him every success in bad and droll kidnappers: in this one it is battle — in the former he performs



with the courage he lacks in the latter. Beau Jackstone is a Bow Street runner who is not quite certain whether he should be hunting with the hounds or running with the hares. In the first book about him he saved young Princess Victoria from scoundrel kidnappers; in this one it is Stephenson's "Rocket" that has to

be rescued. But for Beau, England might still be using the canals, without the benefit of steam and rails. It makes exciting reading, backed by accurate research on the horrors of industrial England, which rather detract from the dominant theme that progress is a good thing. We follow Beau's adventures with interest and affection.

What is all the fuss about, Miss Murdoch?

THE BLACK PRINCE, by Iris Murdoch. London, Chatto and Windus. 384 pp. £2.50, and British Council Library, Jerusalem.

A NEW DOMINION, by R. Praver Jhabvala. London, John Murray. 218 pp. £2.50.

Aviva Even-Paz

I FEEL IN SOMEWHAT of a dilemma, reviewing Murdoch's latest novel. (By the way, what a prolific writer she is! A book a year — *koi HaKuvod!*) It has received the greatest acclaim of any of her works, Auberon Waugh in the "Spectator" practically gibbering with ecstasy over it — and he not a man given to dealing kindly with any writer, however revered, when he feels a good swift kick is in place.

Yet I am at a bit of a loss to know what all the fuss is about. I truly admire Miss Murdoch as a writer, she is marvellous with words, their charm, their resonance, the sheer beauty and sense of putting them in a certain order. Yet I find her philosophizing and metaphysical speculations often obscure and unconvincing, serving more to befuddle the plot than give us that recognition of reality we look for in a good writer.

She has continued, in a sense, the basic theme she began to pursue in "The Accidental Man." She seems now deliberately to reject a "heroic" or admirable figure for the main protagonist. She chooses, rather, someone who in the worldly sense is a failure. And how delectably accurate she can be when she pinpoints one of the salient features of life! "A sheer concern for one's dignity, a sense of form, a sense of style, inspires more of our baser actions than any conventional analysis of possible sins is likely to bring to light. A good man often appears gauche simply because he does not take advantage of the myriad little mean chances of making himself look stylish. Preferring truth to form, he is not constantly at work upon the facade of his appearance." Or this on marriage: "Marriage is a curious institution... I cannot quite see how it can be possible. People who boast of happy marriages are, I submit, usually self-deceivers, not actually liars. The human soul is not framed for continued proximity, and the result of this enforced neighbourhood is often an appalling loneliness for which the rules of the game forbid assuagement. There is nothing like the bootless solitude of those who are caged together. Those outside the cage can, to their own taste, satisfy their need for society by more or less organized dashes in the direction of other human beings." There is nothing like dynamite wrapped up in a velvet glove!

I FEEL THAT either I have failed Murdoch in not really understanding what she is trying to say or perhaps she has failed us. She has aspired very high — to show the relationships between love and death, love and art, life and art, and all these in a readable setting. It is a tall order, and I do not think she has really succeeded, but aiming at such exalted goals, it was unlikely that all the characters of her books are getting on in life, most of them are middle-aged, and I suspect that it is the problems of this particular time of life that really are engaging her attention.

Reflecting on Murdoch's work as a whole, it strikes me that she rarely creates memorable characters — so much so in fact, that they seem interchangeable, and one could swap them round from one novel to another without noticing much difference. One remembers "Hugo" from "The Net," the big, lumbering, philosophical, goodhearted Jew, who burst out of the bounds his creator had set for him, but most often her characters seem set up only to express her ideas on life and philosophy. Dickens was often metaphysical, fanciful, exaggerated, yet his characters have become bywords. Micawber, Heep, Mr. Dombey, the Aged Parent. Instead of retreating into philosophical speculation, I believe Murdoch would do better to try to make up her mind whether she wants to come closer to people and how they behave during the absurdities and terrors of everyday life, or to withdraw more and more into a metaphysical half-world.

Mrs. Jhabvala does not cover new ground in this novel. We have a repeat of themes and personalities that have appeared in most of her previous works: the conflict between the sensual and the spiritual in India, Westerners looking for what ever Westerners look for in India, the bewilderment and confusion of Indians themselves, aging beauties, penurious students, dubious Swami. We have met all these characters before, but they do not pall. One might as well accuse Jane Austen of having more or less one plot and one background, namely getting the heroine married suitably among the middle-class 18th century English landed gentry, as complain about repetition by Mrs. Jhabvala. She proves that background and circumstance in the hands of genius — and I think Mrs. Jhabvala has genius — are only elements, which, used properly, make us look at human nature with a critical yet basically compassionate eye.

HER GREAT virtue is that she never negates anyone completely. Even the most repulsive of her characters — the Swami — still leaves us wondering whether, just possibly, he hasn't got something, which is exactly the effect he has on his disciples. They know his failings — he makes no attempt to hide them — yet they are irresistibly drawn to him, feeling perhaps that such enormous impudence and extreme behaviour, such as exploiting women sexually, extorting money, constitutes a principle in itself, that only a great faith could dare flout all the rules of decent human conduct.

Yet there is a change. India is changing and it is characteristic of Mrs. Jhabvala that she subtly indicates her reservations about these changes — almost one feels, laughing at them, yet at the same time conceding that change must come. It is personified in Bob (real name Harish Chandra), the new Indian, summed up deftly in one line "I was three years at N.Y.U. In business administration. That's a fine course. Some very fine people there." Bob comes to a former place of retreat and busily sets about building a factory for the manufacture of spare parts. (What spare parts? We are never told exactly.)

Although one knows something like this must take place, indeed, that, unless it does, one cannot imagine how India can save her millions of destitute, it is difficult to believe it really will happen. Of such exalted goals, it was unlikely that all the characters of her books are getting on in life, most of them are middle-aged, and I suspect that it is the problems of this particular time of life that really are engaging her attention.

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Jung and the Bard



PSYCHE AND SYMBOL IN SHAKESPEARE by Alex Aronson. Bloomington/London, Indiana University Press. 343 pp. \$10.

David Weiser

TO WRITE an original book on Shakespeare is a very difficult thing. Yet Alex Aronson of Tel Aviv University has done it. "Psyche and Symbol" is the first book to study Shakespeare's plays from the viewpoint of Carl Jung's theory of psychology, a theory which has basic affinities to literature. Whereas Freud saw neurosis as the driving force behind artistic creation, Jung effect he has on his disciples. They know his failings — he makes no attempt to hide them — yet they are irresistibly drawn to him, feeling perhaps that such enormous impudence and extreme behaviour, such as exploiting women sexually, extorting money, constitutes a principle in itself, that only a great faith could dare flout all the rules of decent human conduct.

Advice on holding your tongue

THE HEBREW term "lashon hara" means, literally, "tongue of evil." But it applies, broadly, not only to libelous talk but to any kind of gossip and nasty talebearing. The Talmudic Sages dwell a great deal on the evils of evil-tonguing. Here are some examples, from the Midrash Rabbah Vayikra, 26:2:

Rabbi Yosse of Mithaya and Rabbi Yehoshua of Sichnin said in the name of Rabbi Levi: We have found that the children of David's time tongue-tongued themselves, and Da-

"Do Thou, God, protect the people: how is it that after all this praise they went out to war and fell? They fell because there were evil-tonguers among them... Whereas the tongue-tonguers of King Ahab were all idol-worshippers, yet because there were no evil-tonguers among them they went to war and were victorious."

Rabbi Shmuel bar Nahmani said: The serpent (Genesis 3) was asked: Why is your habitat among the fences and hedges? He replied: Because I breached the fence of the world (i.e. upset the order of creation by causing Eve an Adam to violate God's command).

Rabbi Shimon bar Yohai taught: The serpent was the first to breach the fence of the world, thus becoming the archetype of all fence-breachers. The serpent was asked: Why is that when you stick out your tongue it drags on the ground? He replied: Because it is my tongue that caused me to be turned into a crawler...

And why is evil-tonguing called "lashon hara" (whose literal meaning is "third")? see also Midrash Tanhuma, Hulat, 18? Because evil-tonguing destroys three people: the evil-tonguer himself, the listener, and the Torah thoroughly, and Da-

As these quotations show, the book goes far beyond the formal analysis to which so much modern criticism is confined. It uncovers a moral, but not religious, pattern woven into the rich tapestry of Shakespeare's plays, which are seen as one great synthesis. Its ambitious purpose and the complexity of its subject matter make the book a challenge, but a rewarding one. It is, however, constructed on a clearly logical basis: The first part discusses the Shakespearean heroes who are dominated by ego, the conscious mind; part two goes on to consider the conflict between the conscious and unconscious, whereas part three gives examples of harmonious integration of these elements, through the process of individuation.

There are many examples in this book of psychological depth clarifying Shakespeare's characters and themes without distorting them. For example, Edgar, the banished son of Gloucester in "King Lear," is given new significance and consistency. Since he plays several different roles, from mad beggar to heir to the throne, Edgar is usually described as an inconsistent character. But Aronson argues that Edgar is "Shakespeare's most accomplished portrayal of a man who is raised to the highest level of individuation." After his "self-imposed" flight from his father, Edgar takes refuge in what he calls "the happy hollow of a tree." This suggests the archetype attends upon the tragic suffering of "of regression into the maternal womb." Edgar, symbolically reborn, Lear and Gloucester. He comes to see life in its actuality, demanding strength and compassion equally. Aronson concludes by applying to Edgar "Jung's realization that 'only the complete person knows how unbearable man is to himself.'"

There is a refreshing modesty in Aronson's presentation. He grants that in the mansion of Shakespeare studies there are many rooms but soon persuades us that a suite should be reserved for Jungian psychology. He does not forget that the dramatic experience is essential to these "conflict-plays," observing that the "conflict" nature of ego and self... are the very stuff of which great drama is made. Some readers will be surprised that the concept of "character," largely neglected by modern criticism, is here revived and given added depth. Others may object that the links between the plays become important as the plays themselves. But that is typical of modern, "synthetic" criticism ever since T.S. Eliot remarked in 1932 that "we must know all of Shakespeare's work in order to know any of it."

Aronson's book, unlike many, has a fixed frame of reference, by which it makes its synthesis. By elucidating another of the universal patterns that underlie the plays, it makes a significant contribution to our understanding.

Award

THE J.I. Segal Fund for Jewish Culture invites all Canadian Jewish writers and educators, whether they reside in Canada or abroad, and who write in Yiddish, Hebrew, English and French on Jewish themes, to submit their works for consideration by a jury appointed by the Fund.

Authors are requested to send in their works published during 1973, not later than by January 31, 1974. Manuscripts are also acceptable, but must be typed or clearly written on one side of a page and should consist of at least 100 pages.

Works which have already received awards from other literary funds cannot be considered. Awards of \$500 each will be granted for: 1) Poetry or fiction in Yiddish or Hebrew; 2) Poetry or fiction in English or French — of Yiddish content; 3) For valuable contributions to Jewish education in Montreal.

All material and inquiries should be sent to: The J.I. Segal Fund for Jewish Culture, c/o Jewish Public Library, 5151 Côte St. Catherine Road, Montreal, H3W 1M6, Canada.

How to be civilized though married

OPEN MARRIAGE by Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill. N.Y., Avon. 286 pp. \$1.95.

Joan Hooper

"OPEN MARRIAGE" means an honest and open relationship between two people, based on the equal freedom and identity of both partners. It involves a verbal, intellectual and emotional commitment to the right of each to grow as an individual within the marriage. The enlargement of that thesis is intriguing and provocative. It isn't a book of rules about who should wash the dishes when... It is, rather, encouraging and enlightening about contemporary realities in marriage. The O'Neills stress the need for individual identity which may lead to a greater, more open companionship.

There is a whole new collection of paperbacks about relationships — all kinds — in the bookshops now. This one is written by a husband and wife team of anthropologists. It is rather odd to be talked to from a book, but it is therapeutic in a sense. They deal with communication, role flexibility, equality, identity, trust and jealousy. They discuss "productive fighting": if one partner must win, then the other loses (obviously, you might say). BUT if one loses, then both have lost in terms of increased resentment and greater strain on the relationship. Thus, "the only way to



Anthropologists George and Nena O'Neill examine modern marriage.

win intimate encounters is for both partners to win," etc., which is a little harder and takes that much more consideration and productive effort.

The O'Neills tell simply, clearly and intelligently about marriage, little harder and takes that much more consideration and productive effort.

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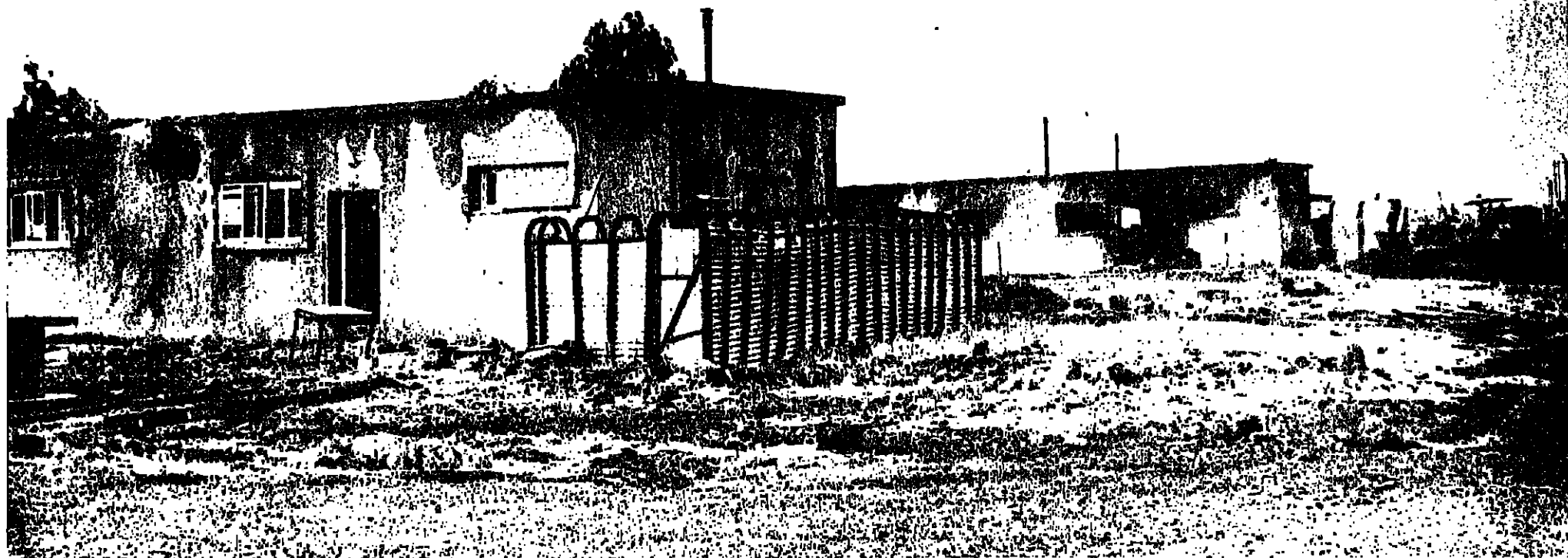
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During their sweep through the Golan Heights at the beginning of the October war, Syrian troops briefly occupied the moshav of Ramat Magshimim. Immediately after their withdrawal, the settlement was visited by YEHUDA HAEZRAHI, who chanced upon it again recently and found the damage caused by the northern invaders almost fully repaired and the daily round virtually back to normal.

LIKE A MAN returning to the scene of a crime he has witnessed, I was back roaming the Golan Heights the other week, visiting a settlement that had been hit by the Syrians during the recent war, and meeting friends who were still stationed at army camps and guard posts along the cease-fire line with Syria. Something went wrong with my car on the way — a red light signalled a timely warning — and I was advised to drive slowly and carefully to a nearby village for repairs.

"They've got a garage out there in Ramat Magshimim," said a young soldier who stopped his vehicle for a moment next to mine. "It's a garage for tractors, not cars, but I figure they'll be able to help you."

Engine trouble is usually treated in this land of ours as a major tragedy, which should leave the car owner disconsolate and heartbroken. But my response at that moment was one of elation. The notion that I could enter Ramat Magshimim without hindrance, just like that, merely to avail myself of its garage, struck me as bold, even extravagant. Could it really be, I asked myself, that this place, Ramat Magshimim, was a regular settlement, whose members were going out to work the fields and water, whose children were hurrying off to kindergarten and school in the morning, whose families were gathering for dinner in the evening — and in whose garage one could fix up a tractor (and maybe even a private car)? This simple vision of normal daily life was wonderfully out of keeping with my earlier impression of Ramat Magshimim; and it seemed worthy of celebration.

It did not take me long to realize that I was not alone in sensing a kind of atmosphere of celebration about my arrival at the settlement. Menahem, who is in charge of crop cultivation, climbed down from his tractor to greet me at the door of the garage. He shook my hand warmly, and asked, laughingly, "So you've come back to spend

the night with us, eh?"

It was Monday, October 8, the third day of the Yom Kippur War. All that day I had visited Jordan Valley strongholds talking to soldiers whose only task it was to be ready for any eventuality — and to wait, wait and wait, hoping that nothing would happen in their sector of the border. Towards evening I decided to go north, in order to join one of our fighting units which were then engaged in beating back the attack of the invading Syrian armour.

I reached the Elin Gev road after dark, and from there I turned east to climb the steep hill which leads to the Golan Heights. My first encounter with the Golan was the smell of scorched fields. The roar of heavy guns echoed in the distance, and their red glow streaked across the sky to disappear behind the northern horizon.

I drove up slowly, without car lights, groping my way through the enveloping darkness, with the bright moon, scarred though it was by exploding shells, as my guide. Suddenly, by the roadside, I spotted a deserted Syrian tank. I flashed my torch: it had been a direct hit, the turret blown right off, the body a blistered hulk.

FROM THEN on, this was the scenery: on both sides of the road, tanks, armoured cars, jeeps, reconnaissance vehicles in serried ranks, some torn up and burnt out, some abandoned in evident haste by their fleeing crews. There was even a motorcycle topped by a boat, turned upside down. At one point I came across a Syrian soldier in camouflage uniform spread-eagled by the roadside. Little fires kept crackling in the thorny fields, bursting now and then into huge flames, and the heavy air of raging battle was still around.

Some distance from the moonlit road to the left, a row of small houses was silhouetted against the dark. A little light seemed to be shining from a window. It turned out to be only the reflection of the flashes of

furious guns out in the battle-field.

This was Ramat Magshimim, one of several Golan Heights settlements evacuated, as I already knew, at the very start of the war.

I left my car near one of the houses, determined to find shelter for the night inside. That, however, was easier said than done. The place, now a virtual ghost town, gave me an eerie, scary feeling. By the front door of the house, an enemy shell had burrowed a deep hole in the ground. Shrapnel had nibbled at the walls, and broken glass was strewn all around, outside as well as inside.

As I stepped carefully inside, making my way through the debris of window glass, blocks of cement and fallen blinds, I realized that I had walked into a kindergarten. The walls were hung with children's colourful pictures and decorations, — lots of flowers, and lots of tractors — and the furniture was all of ill-puritan dimensions. In the dead of night, it suddenly seemed that I was actually hearing the voices of children: were they coming from the next room, or from the depth of a shelter downstairs? I shivered.

The house nearby had not been damaged. The door was open, the blinds still up. For a moment it seemed that someone would just have to answer if I rang the bell; but the bell would not ring. There was no electricity, and no water — and no people. The television set, turned off, was standing, shamefaced, in the corner, and on the table was a half-empty glass of tea. The sink was overflowing with unwashed dishes.

And on one of the children's beds, a book still open where children had stopped their reading — with a poem about Nina Kina, the little hare. "So back they settle in the chariot/And home they drive in silence/Nina is a pit tired... Then, suddenly — Her eyes close... and she falls asleep..."

Along with Nina, I let myself fall asleep for a couple of hours, unmindful of the muffled pound-



ing of the guns farther away, and the fearful wailing of a lonely cat under my window.

AT CRACK OF dawn I leaped from my unknown host's bed, carefully folded the blankets, helped myself impudently to some of their left-over cheese and tomatoes, and sallied forth to the front. Soon I linked up with a convoy of ammunition-laden trucks, then overtook them to join up with one of our fighting units which was engaged in fierce battle with the Syrians. Oddly enough, the closer I got to the line of fire, the safer I felt: it was already daylight, and I was among friends. I was no longer alone. We were all in it together, and whatever happened, we would help each other, even under fire.

News of war travels fast, but it was only after the war that I learned to my consternation, I had not been the only visitor to Ramat Magshimim after its evacuation. In between, and until not long before my arrival, a crack Syrian unit, probably commanded, had been there. Thus, Ramat Magshimim can claim the dubious honour of being the only Golan settlement to have been occupied by the Syrians during the fighting. I can't really say I missed them — a meeting between us could have been, not to put too fine a point on it, somewhat unpleasant.

As I was told when I visited the settlement soon after the cease-fire, Syrian troops entered Ramat Magshimim on Sunday afternoon, and stayed there about 30 hours. When they left, on Monday night — just a few hours ahead of me — they took some suitable "souvenires" from the synagogue of this religious moshav: the silk curtain of the ark, and a few Torah scrolls. The following day, they divested themselves of the loot to ease their retreat before our army; the curtain and the scrolls were recovered, and restored to Ramat Magshimim.

The community received their evacuation orders while they were nearly all in the synagogue, fasting and praying, at noon on Yom

Kippur. The orders had to be obeyed — this much was obvious to all — despite the fact that that meant cutting prayers short and travelling in the middle of the holiest day of the year. It was a matter of *pikuah nefesh* — saving life; but one halachic question remained: how much were they allowed to take with them on the bus, without violating the sanctity of Yom Kippur?

This was a question for the rabbi, and he gave his answer immediately and forthrightly: food and clothing for the little ones, and anything that actually pertained to *pikuah nefesh* could be taken, but nothing more. So it was decreed, then, and so they did.

They boarded the bus — and at that very moment Syrian artillery began shelling the settlement. Men, women and children dashed off to the underground shelters. There they stayed for several hours, while shells rained on their houses above.

Only after dark was there any let-up in the shelling, and this was exploited to get the women and the children back into the bus, which had been hit by shrapnel and its windows smashed to smithereens — and away from the Golan.

The men were evacuated late at night, during another lull between bouts of Syrian shelling. They left behind empty miles of badly damaged dwellings, miles of shattered water pipes, thousands of dead turkeys and dozens of slaughtered cows.

This is what they came back to, a few days later, even while the war was still raging beyond the old cease-fire lines. Immediately, they set about putting the settlement to rights. Not long after they were joined by the women and the children. Already they have rebuilt their houses, and repaired the water pipes, and are on the way towards replacing their livestock. Already, they are almost back to normal.

Pretty soon, they will even have learned how to fix up a private car that broke down on the way to the settlement.

SINCE THE introduction of a quota system for domestic electricity use, I have received three different sets of advice as to how to cut kilowatt-hours — from the Israel Consumers Association, from the Ministry of Agriculture's Home Economics Department, and from the Israel Electric Corporation itself. Most of the suggestions are a matter of plain common sense. A few require minor adjustments in heating, cooking and even bathing habits.

The unit of measure for electricity is a kilowatt-hour (kwh). This means 1,000 watts operating for 60 minutes. It takes 300 grams of fuel oil at the power station to produce a kilowatt-hour of electricity. The aim of electricity conservation, of course, is to conserve fuel oil.

Under the quota system, effective as of December 1, every household is allowed a ceiling number of kilowatt-hours per month, beyond which it will be "fined" progressively. The quota is a basic allowance of 100 kwh per month where there is no hot-water heater or 150 kwh monthly where there is a boiler. — plus 85 per cent of whatever the family used beyond that figure during the same period last year.

So long as you stay within your quota, you pay the regular electricity rate of approximately 14 agorot per kwh. This price is calculated at the new rate, with the 30 per cent increase as of November, and it also includes the 20 per cent defence tax. The unit price per kwh. varies slightly with the total amount consumed, but 14 agorot per kwh is about average. Above the quota, you pay at rates of 28, 42 and 56 agorot per kwh, rising with each five per cent you use above the ceiling.

There is a mistaken notion that everyone is expected to cut his consumption by 15 per cent. How much you must cut back depends on your scale of consumption — the more electricity you normally use, the higher the percentage you are being asked to save. If your bi-monthly electric bills run about IL50, you are asked to cut down by 7.5 per cent; if your average bills run IL100 or more, you should cut between 13 and nearly 15 per cent off your previous level.

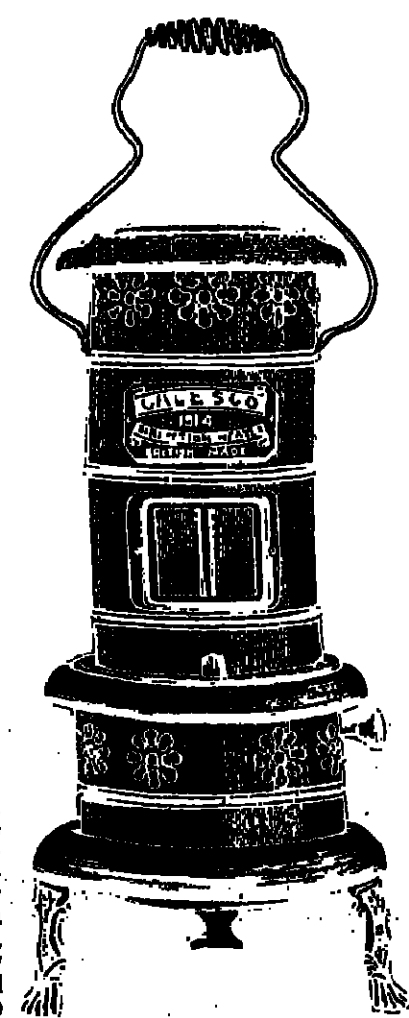
The Electric Corporation has begun sending out statements advising consumers of their quota (unless in Hebrew). Appeals will be permitted in certain circumstances, and the Corporation spokesman told me that people with special problems should write a letter immediately to the Electric Corporation office nearest their home. The most common cause for appeal, as in my own case, is the addition of a new baby since last winter. Similarly, families who were away from home at the parallel period last year can make a claim. So can invalids, but they should attach a doctor's letter stating why they require extra electricity (more heating, special equipment, etc.). There will be special arrangements for new consumers, mainly newlyweds.

At the same time, the Corporation makes it clear that no special consideration will be given to the fact that a family has acquired additional electrical appliances over the past year. This is your own affair, and your choice lies between not using them or paying more for current.

THE TRICK of electricity saving is to know how much power each of your appliances uses. Many publications, foreign and local, including *The Post*, have recently printed lists of appliances and their kwh consumption. A basic principle is that appliances which heat (heating stoves, cookers and baking ovens, washing machines which heat water, hot-water boilers, irons and clothes dryers) use more current than do light bulbs, radios, television sets, vacuuming fans and most refrigerators.



count those kilo-watts



One way of testing the amount of electricity an appliance uses is to unplug everything else and read the meter over a period of several hours. I did this one morning with my clothes dryer, and found that at hour-and-a-half cycle to dry diapers took 3.5 kwh. — or nearly 50 agorot-worth.

(Most appliances also have a small metal plaque somewhere at the back stating the consumption in watts.) I don't think IL1.50 a week is a high sum to get three loads of diapers soft and fluffy, and reliably dry in all weather. (Household help, for instance, costs IL6 an hour these days.) But apart from diapers and towels, I find that most clothes, tablecloths, and bed-linens do as well or better on the lines, weather permitting.

A General Electric sales manager did a similar experiment with a 26-cubic-foot refrigerator of the "no frost" type, notorious as a high-electricity consumer. These sophisticated foreign-made models never gather frost even in the freezer, unlike Israel "self-defrosting" fridges, which are

automatic except for the freezer. The G.E. man found that this takes seven kwh a day. This is a moderate to large-sized family (80 degrees for a small family). At 82 degrees, a 120-litre boiler would take seven hours to heat, at a consumption figure of about 10 kwh. Hot-water boilers use a cheaper night-rate electricity.

No one today recommends leaving the hot-water boiler on continuously but, rather, heating it up in advance of bath-times. If the boiler is located on a balcony insulating it or covering it will help preserve heat.

Showers use less hot water than baths. The Agriculture Ministry's home economists advise that members of the family take their baths or showers one after the other in rapid succession, so as not to let the water cool off. In many homes, it is usual to bathe two or more children together in a tub. It's economical — and fun for the kids.

Solar heaters are obviously a cheaper way of heating water. (Most have an auxiliary heater for cloudy weather.) Of course, the initial purchase of the sun-heater must be taken into account — at a minimum of IL1,000.

Cooking. Never have I been more appreciative of my all-gas stove, oven included. There has long been a trend in Israel to "cook on gas, bake on electricity," and I suspect that a lot of people are sorry now. Gas was always cheaper to cook and bake on — and today even more so. "Concentrate your cooking," is the general advice for fuel saving. Bake once a week instead of twice, for instance, and do several lots at a time. (Baked goods freeze well.) Prefer recipes that can be done atop the stove rather than in the oven. Electric cooking platters and ovens retain their heat for some time after the current is switched off, so cut the current off before the dish finishes cooking.

An electric baking oven takes one kilowatt-hour of electricity per hour of usage — or about 14 agorot-worth. The platters on top of the stove take between 0.2 and 1.2 kwh, depending on their size and setting.

A pressure cooker trims two-thirds off the cooking time. "It is possible to learn to use it properly and without fear," says the Agriculture Ministry's booklet. The latter is the operative phrase for myself, and many others, I suspect. Still, I may give it a try — though this, too, requires an initial outlay of capital.

Rediscover the wonder pot ("straw pot"), which harks back to a simpler era in Israeli life. It is a ring-shaped aluminum pot designed to bake atop a gas stove. An "element" directs the heat up through the ring. Anything that can be fitted into its shape can be baked in the wonder pot — cakes, puddings, meat-loaves, even potatoes. For a guide to wonder-pot cookery, see the new paperback, in English, by Sybil Kaufman, available at some bookshops and through P.O.B. 26101, Tel Aviv.

A commonsense suggestion to save time as well as fuel: don't heat more water in a tea-kettle than you actually need.

Laundry. An automatic washing machine which heats its own water, as most Israeli and European machines do, uses about 28 to 32 kwh per complete cycle. This means that it costs about 28 to 42 agorot to do a load of laundry.

Try to have a full load before using the machine. On the other hand, don't overload it, as it may break down and technicians are very hard to come by these days. Some machines can be hooked up to a hot-water tap. This is particularly a saving if you have a sun-heater for water or an unheated supply of hot water from a central heating system.

You might try washing things on a shorter or cooler cycle than you normally choose. However, do not sacrifice cleanliness unduly. I tried doing the diapers

on the other hand, still writes in terms of 82 degrees Centigrade for a moderate to large-sized family (80 degrees for a small family). At 82 degrees, a 120-litre boiler would take seven hours to heat, at a consumption figure of about 10 kwh. Hot-water boilers use a cheaper night-rate electricity.

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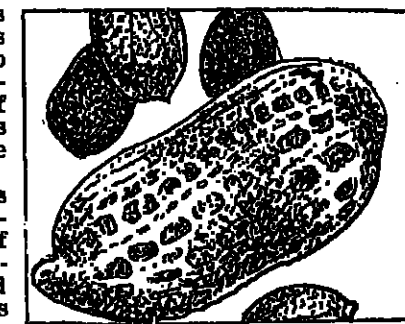
on a lower cycle (without a pre-wash) and was not satisfied with the results. I am sure many women would love an excuse to cut down on their ironing. Limiting ironing to essentials can save both time and electricity. I never iron sheets, for example. A simple iron uses 0.5 kwh, while an iron with temperature controls uses twice as much electricity.

Dishwashers. 1 to 1.5 kwh per cycle. They should be run only when full.

Small appliances. Radios, phonographs, TV sets, and so forth do not consume large amounts of electricity, but it is foolish to leave them on if no one is listening or watching. An average TV set requires a kilowatt-hour of electricity (14 agorot-worth) for every five to six hours of use.

TORA AND FLORA
L.I. Rabinowitz

Peanuts



Portion of the Week: Gen. 41:44-47

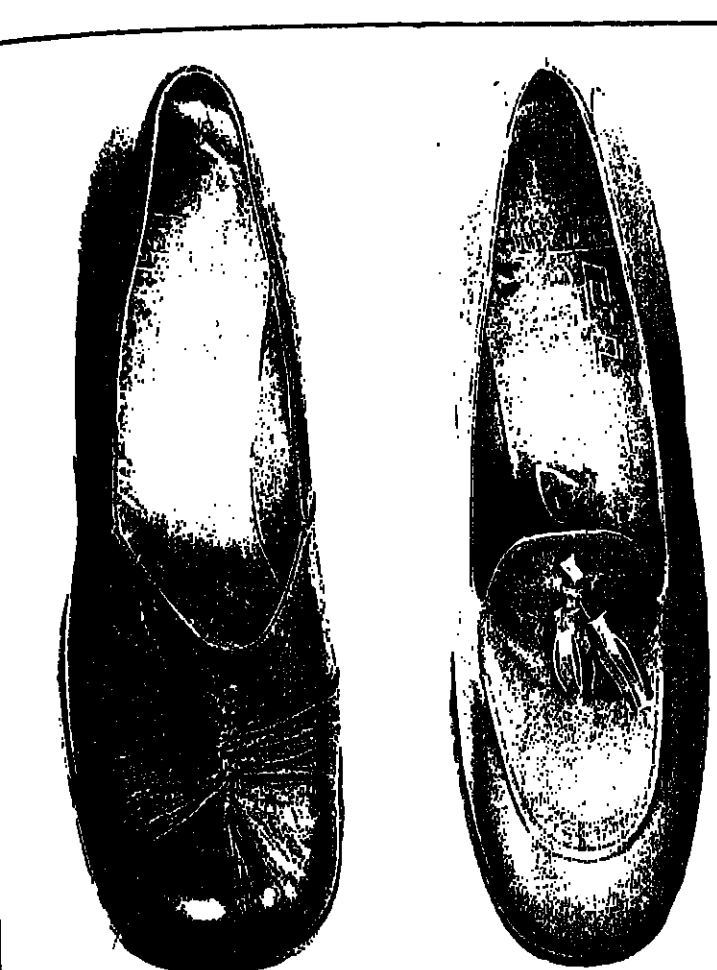
THERE OCCURS in this week's portion (41:11) the one and only mention in the Bible of *botnim*, which are enumerated among the *dolceurs* which Jacob made up the ruler of Egypt who, unknown to him, was none other than his long lost son Joseph.

There are at least three items in the world of flora in which the word *popkin* has won out over the *vos* of the scholars. One of them is the *armon*, which is the plane tree but which, under the influence of Rashi, is now used for chestnuts, while for the plane tree the name *dolce*, which is a Hebrew form of its Aramaic name is used. The second is the *melafafon*, which is used for the cucumber, though actually it is the melon; and the third is *botnim* (the singular, *botneh*, does not occur) which, despite the vigorous objections of the Academy for the Hebrew Language, has been adopted for the humble peanut or groundnut.

IN ACTUAL FACT, *botnim* is to be identified with the pistachio. In an article which I contributed on the subject, I pointed out two germane facts. The one was that Rashi, basing himself on a biblical dictionary known as "The Alphabet of Rabbi Machir," quotes the author as correctly identifying the *botnim* with the pistachio, but unaware, as he himself says, of what exactly the pistachio was, regarded it as identical with, or a corrupt spelling of, *afarakim*, peaches.

The other point I made was that both the Authorized Version of the Bible and the Jewish Publication Society's translation had neatly avoided the problem of accurate identification by rendering the word merely as "nuts" and it was only the recently published New English Bible which correctly renders the word "pistachio nuts."

Mr. Henry Frank of Philadelphia was kind enough to draw my attention to the fact that the revised version of the Jewish Publication Society had beaten the New English Bible by a head, and also renders the word "pistachio nuts."



DOWN TO EARTH

Catherine Rosenheimer

New models from Mera's new winter collection (which totals 120 styles, including bar shoes, pumps, brogues with higher vamps and sporting buckled styles). The sturdy heels and moderate, stacked soles make a welcome change from the tottering platform styles of the last two seasons.



THE BEST news about the new season's shoes is that they have "come down in the world." Not where price is concerned, I hasten to add, but in appearance, which at least is something. You might say that a 10 to 20 per cent rise in the cost of shoes is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that there is less shoe. It depends which way you look at it, of course. Frankly, I'd be prepared to pay double if it were a choice between that or being forced onto platforms for yet another winter.

Despite rising prices — leather and other raw materials have gone up by some 20 per cent during the past few months — it seems that the shoe industry is suffering less than other branches of the fashion industry, as far as retail sales are concerned. One explanation is offered by Moshe Melrovitz of Mera Shoes.

"They say an army marches on its stomach. I'd say it marches on its shoes. Buying and wearing a smart, well-made pair of new shoes is a very good morale booster for the women on the home front too, you know. And apart from the fashion angle, shoes are often a necessity rather than a luxury. If last winter's shoes are leaking, you just have to go out and buy a new pair, whether or not the budget is tight."

We concentrate on quality shoes, made entirely of leather, and among the most expensive of those produced locally. But I think in times like these, many women prefer to buy one really good pair of expensive shoes than spend money on two or three cheaper pairs that won't last."

YAACOV ROSY, another manufacturer who also has a shop, says that "the best of the shoe season was lost this autumn. There were weeks ago, when the weather changed, sales picked up. Now things are fairly quiet again." He sees a rise of 10 to 15 per cent in shoe prices as inevitable for the spring, but claims to have a present. He is against cutting down on real leather to keep prices down.

In sticking to the real thing — in any case, after the experience of platform-soled shoes in uncomfortable synthetics last season, the public is rebelling against synthetics. You can't beat real leather for comfortable, good-looking shoes — and people have so many worries in their heads right now, why make problems for their feet, too?

The shoe department in Shalom Stores appeared unusually quiet and peaceful when we looked in there recently. Sales slack? We enquired. The manageress admitted that business was "not all that brisk," but attributed it more to the fine weather than to the economic situation.

"The minute we get a cold, rainy spell, people have to buy shoes. And of course for children there's no choice — you can't stop their feet growing." It certainly looks, from the ranges displayed everywhere, as though platform shoes are a thing of the past. Where they are to be found, they are far less exaggeratedly slimmer, more elegant, or double sole. Lines of shoes are generally slimmer, more elegant, with wide, straight-backed heels of a comfortable height, 5-10 cm. instead of up to 80.

THE MERA shoes pictured here are representative of the sporty, comfortably elegant look now to be found, black and brown being the favourite colours again a welcome change from the rainbow hues of the last couple of seasons. Where colours are mixed, in Oxford-style brogues, they tend to be closely related, ginger, rust, brown and beige shades. You might sum it up by saying that the shoe fashion at present — expensive, subdued and fairly flat. I for one couldn't welcome it more.

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

Parcels from home



UNLESS SHELLS are actually flying overhead, one of the soldier's major preoccupations is food in all its forms. Since there are so many soldiers away from home, unable to enjoy the family's Hanukkah lakhs, the holiday is a good time to think about what to put in your packages to the front. The parcels from home provide not only goodies, but much needed moral support. Like a letter, a parcel is a tangible link with home.

While a parcel will certainly be welcomed whatever its contents, there are a few thoughts to keep in mind to make yours not only welcome, but also successful. First of all it should be remembered that most parcels will be shared with someone else. If it strikes you as unfair, just keep in mind that your soldier will be partaking of everyone else's parcel, too.

Another thing to keep in mind is that a parcel may take up to a few weeks to get to its destination. This means that home-baked cakes and cookies should either be of the very dry well-baked type that can be stored indefinitely or of the rich, moist type that tend to improve with age. The latter includes pound cakes, banana cakes and apple sauce cakes. Such cakes should be well wrapped in aluminium foil or plastic, reinforced by cardboard to keep them from being battered out of shape in the mail.

AN APPLE SAUCE cake sent by a friend from Jerusalem took a week to reach this writer, arrived in perfect condition and was devoured within 12 hours. The cook (Norma Schneider) was happy to share the recipe which luckily contains only one egg.

Mix together 3/4 cup brown sugar, 2 cups of flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon of soda, 1 1/4 teaspoons of cinnamon and 1/4 teaspoon of salt. To this mixture add a few generous handfuls of raisins and nuts. When this is well blended, add one egg, two tablespoons of melted butter and a cup of apple sauce. Needless to say, the cake is far better if home-made apple sauce is used.

Barely mix the wet and dry ingredients, and pour the batter into a well-greased medium baking pan (about 25 x 20 cm.). Let it stand for 20 minutes and bake in a medium oven (175°C.) for 35 to 40 minutes.

With his cake or cookies, the soldier will no doubt want coffee, either fresh beans ground for making Turkish coffee, or instant coffee, accompanied by a tube of condensed milk. If you happen to send powdered milk, remind the recipient to mix the powder with cold water and then add it to the coffee.

Fill in any empty space in the box with nuts, and sunflower and pumpkin seeds. Other welcome items are packaged soup mixes and soup "almodes."

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1973

PAGE SEVENTEEN

THE MAYOR IS A MAN OF ACTION AND NOT A TELLER OF TALES



The new Central Bus Station under construction. The world's biggest, best equipped bus station.

WE LEAVE MYTHOLOGY
TO OTHERS
THE FACTS
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HAMA'ARACH
FOR TEL AVIV

THEATRE / Mendel Kohansky

No sex for Palma

PALMA was born about eight years ago in the jungles of Congo, and was taken as a baby to Belgium, where she was acquired by Karl Ruger, the animal trainer. A comely chimpanzee with a demure manner, she has a black face which, her owner insists, contrary to the opinions of others in the profession, is a mark of intelligence.

We were properly introduced by Mr. Ruger, professionally known as Gonzalez, on the grounds of the Barcelona Circus which three days ago started performances near the Ramat Gan stadium. When the trainer opened the door of the cage, Palma jumped out with a sort of awkward grace, shook hands with her master, then with me. At an order, she sat down on a chair, modestly crossing her legs, and, supporting her chin on her left fist, looked up at me with polite curiosity.

At the age of eight, Palma is the second oldest in a group of four chimps which include Enoch, 16, Pubee, six, and Anna, only two-and-a-half. At her age she still has a good 15 to 17 years of professional life. When chimps approach their mid-20s they grow mean, Gonzalez says, refuse to work, and even become dangerous. I saw what he meant when I took a look at Enoch. While the younger chimps greeted their master with loud chatter from behind the bars of their cages, Enoch just sat there motionless, silently glaring at the intruders

with slits of eyes in a black, wrinkled face.

The four chimps constitute one of the chief attractions of the Barcelona Circus, and Gonzalez is reputed to be a top man in his profession, the only chimpanzee trainer now living who does not keep his animals on a rope while they perform. I met him on the Sunday morning before the circus opened, in the trailer which has served him as home for many years, and which has taken him all over the world. He was a bit under the weather after a night on the town with friends, and his hands shook slightly when he lit his first cigarette of the day, but he recovered completely in the course of our conversation.

He was born in Germany and taken to England as a small child, and his mother tongue is therefore a mixture of English and German. His official home is Manchester, but he hasn't been there in the past four years, which he has spent in South Africa, South America and a number of European countries.

Like most circus artists, Gonzalez was born into the profession. His father was a tamer of lions and tigers; his mother was not a performer but helped her husband. So did little Karl. His first job was to urge the animals on from outside — when they ran through the tunnel leading from their cages to the arena. When he finished school, he decided to follow in his father's footsteps, but chose a less danger-



ous line and acquired a splash of sea lions, but soon gave them up because the work was too hard and too dirty. Besides, sea lions are not the cleverest of creatures, which meant that he had to invest an inordinate amount of effort in teaching them the most elementary tricks, unlike chimps, which can be taken by the hand and shown what to do.

CHIMPANZEES, as everyone who ever saw one knows, greatly resemble humans in appearance. They also resemble them in action. Psychologists Wolfgang Kohler and Robert M. Yerkes, who made it their life's work to study *Pan Troglodytes*, as chimps are called by men of science, maintain that they have a sense

of rhythm which allows them to perform dances and even produce a sort of primitive music by drumming, but since they lack speech, they are not likely to develop any culture of their own. Gonzalez has trained his chimps to ride a variety of bicycles, to dance on roller skates, and perform a number of other feats of which most humans are incapable. Like people, chimps vary in their capabilities. Palma is the most intelligent of the lot, while Pubee was the despair of her trainer until she learned her routine.

There is a close, family-like relationship between Gonzalez and his troupe, especially since he has no human family of his own, and the chimps, which would have led a well-organized family life had they been allowed to remain in the jungle, have none in captivity. (In fact, they don't even have a sex life; Palma, her attractiveness notwithstanding, is condemned to virginity, her caged existence having deprived her of the primal urge to the point where she shows no signs of restlessness during the mating season.) Gonzalez is sensitive to every need of his chimps. Seated in his trailer, about 50 metres from the trailer cage where the animals live, he can identify every sound emanating from there and understand its meaning.

So much for Gonzalez and his animals. The Barcelona Circus' animal farm also includes a team of four elephants of which one is a skilled barber who shaves volunteers from the audience, horses and dogs. As for the human contingent, the main attractions are the Bugler family of seven, eight-ropes artists; the Three Golden Boys, who are comedy acrobats and dancers; and a group of horse-borne jugglers. They have all been here since the beginning of October, with

their opening scheduled for the 11th. On the day the war broke out, the tent was up, all the equipment in place.

Impresario Aaron Berman, with 25 years' experience of importing circuses, found himself in a dilemma. Opening up while the war was still on was out of the question for a number of reasons. One of them being the blackout. Then came the cease-fire and a period of uncertainty, with the cost of maintaining the idle circus mounting at an alarming rate. He couldn't even take the drastic step of sending the circus home for lack of transportation. He decided to hold on, but as the weeks passed, with the elephants eating huge daily quantities of hay which had to be brought from Galilee and the Emek, he could see his long career ending in bankruptcy. By the beginning of this month, when the deficit had topped IL800,000, he appealed to the Government for a loan to tide him over. After much running around, he got the loan and took the daring step of opening up.

Arrangements were made with the Dan cooperative to provide a shuttle service of buses between the circus and several key points in Tel Aviv. The evening shows start at 7 o'clock instead of the customary 8:30, with 4 o'clock matinees, and 11 o'clock morning shows during Hanukka week. When the Tel Aviv run is over, about the end of January, Mr. Berman will take the show on the road, and the big top will go up in Jerusalem, Haifa, Beer-sheva and Hadera, not necessarily in that order. And he already has plans for another circus to come to Israel in the spring, for Passover — the Spanish Los Muchachos, in which all the performers are children.

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Martial sounds

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, usually connected with or embellished by military occasions like battles, victories, parades, coronations and the like, have been the cause of many musical positions, sonatas, symphonies, cantatas, Te Deums, operas, oratorios, symphonic poems — throughout the generations. Perhaps one of the best known examples in this field — and the earliest — is Clement Jannequin's *La Guerre*, an attempt to describe musically the noises and cries heard on a battlefield. It became later *La Bataille*, to commemorate the battle at Marignano, where the French and the Swiss fought each other in 1515. This four-part chanson was also used by the composer as the base for a mass. Another famous piece of "war music" is Heinrich Sibelius's sonata "David and Goliath," which describes the historic biblical encounter. In a series of short pieces to ensure that the rather naive music is properly understood, headlines announcing the purported content are written above each piece.

Beethoven tried his hand in his battle symphony "Wellington's Victory," employing cannon, howitzers, muskets, military field drums, the works, with "Malbrouk s'en va ten guerre," the French war song, representing one side of the struggle, and "Rule, Britannia," the opposing force (and, of course, "God Save the King" triumphantly declaring the victory of the English over the French). While Beethoven dashed in immediately on the popular enthusiasm over this event, composing his "symphony" in the actual year of Waterloo, —

and, incidentally, earning more money with its performances than with his nine real symphonies — it took Tchaikovsky until 1881 to write his overture "1812," commemorating Napoleon's defeat at Moscow. Here, too, musical quotations are employed to describe the fortunes of war — the "Marche" for the Russian Tsarist anthem for the defence and final victory. This was to cause the Soviets endless embarrassment after the Revolution when, of course, everything recalling the Tsarist rule became anathema.

In our own time, one may mention Sir William Walton's "Spitfire Prelude and Fugue," which he wrote in 1942 in honour of the incredibly brave few flying against the masses of German bombers out to crush Britain. Two years later he went back to more distant history when he wrote the battle music for the film of Shakespeare's "Henry V." In opera, battle scenes are rarely staged, instead, one gets the more decorative outcome of martial struggles in the form of triumphal processions to the plaudits of grateful citizens, which demand a noisy music usually reserved for storm scenes.

The inspiration of Israeli composers has mercifully saved us so far from having to listen to battle music ("The Road of Valour" and similar essays are virtually forgotten), and modern musical expression, unless electrified in immediately on the popular enthusiasm over this event, composing his "symphony" in the actual year of Waterloo, —

has produced thousands of



marches and countless songs over the ages; many have crossed national frontiers to become world-famous folk songs ("John Brown's Body," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Lily Marlene," "Tze'ena, Tze'ena," to name but a few).

Songwise, our short modern history in Israel has a significant curve of production: the pre-War of Liberation period produced quite a number of songs reflecting comradeship, camaraderie, the new experience of soldiering ("Pnina," "Zavta b'neguy," "Bob el Wad," "Dudu"). The Sinai War of 1956 left hardly any musical echo, the Six Day War of 1967, even less; and I doubt if the experience of the Yom Kippur War will produce any musical reflections of quality and lasting value.

Military pomp in Israel is reduced to passing-out parades, ceremonies of a diplomatic character, and, as long as we had them, Independence Day parades. Our very first Independence parade in Jerusalem, held on the landing field for "Prinzeas" (today the Sacher Park), provided marching music from a gramophone with loudspeakers on a signals van. The marches of different nations put on at random,

just as they had been rescued from Broadcasting House, threw confusion into the ranks of the few units participating — it transpired that each nation has a different speed and character, even in its military marches. And so the search began for the creation of original marches reflecting Israel's character.

As in folk songs, the early attempts were copies of other nations' achievements. The army authorities tried to encourage the

composition of indigenous marching tunes by holding public competitions. Yoav Talmi's "Zahal March," which was chosen in 1963, is the official tune of the army. All the prizewinners of the 1969 contest like those of the Israel Song Festivals, are more or less forgotten. Now, we learn that Zahal has cancelled the competition for more marching tunes which it had intended to hold in the near future. A perfectly reasonable decision.

RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

TODAY: 06.05: Bach's sons. 06.05: Fauré Pavane (Capoulgou); Berlioz: "Nuits d'été" (Rosa); Debussy: "L'Après-midi d'un faune" (Sheriff); Ibert: Flute Concertino (Rampal); Ravel: Valse noble et sentimentale (Roda). 12.05: Schubert: Symphony No. 9 (Munich); 1.35 p.m.: Mozart: Overture "Die Zauberflöte"; 2.05 p.m.: Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Munich); 2.35 p.m.: Prokofiev: Prologue to "Cavalleria Rusticana"; 3.05 p.m.: Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1 (Auerbach); 3.35 p.m.: Bach: Suite No. 1 (Richter); 4.05 p.m.: Mozart: Serenade "Notturno"; 4.35 p.m.: Franck: Piano Concerto (Richter); 5.05 p.m.: Debussy: Danse sacrée et danse profane (Castell); 5.35 p.m.: Ben-Haim: Symphony No. 3 (Singer).


SATURDAY: 06.05: Handel: "Fireworks" (Muske); 6.35: Shabbat Cantata (Richter); 1.05 p.m.: Ibert: Festive Overture (Richter); 1.35 p.m.: Franck: Piano Concerto No. 1 (Richter); 2.05 p.m.: Gilels: Chagall Windows (Foa); 2.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 3.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 3.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 4.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 4.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 5.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 5.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 6.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 6.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 7.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 7.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 8.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 8.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 9.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 9.35 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 10.05 p.m.: Haydn: String Quartet "Lark" (Schubert); 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Too soon for a re-hash



ARAB CHIEFTAINS have been much in the news of late. There is that Saudi Arabian character who flies around the Western world, consuming oil while he dishes out a harsh reproof here, a softer one there, or a pat on the back for good little Pompidou or promising young Ted, rather like an autocratic headmaster in a fictional school. And there was that Sudanese foreign minister, who remarked that he expected a final solution to the Middle East prob-

lem — I assume charitably that nobody had told him that the phrase he used was unfortunate, if he is expecting Israeli cooperation. Then we have seen a lot of Faisal, looking like an old-fashioned actor doing Shylock, and of Sadat, apparently very jolly, as I admit, he has reason to be. All these faces have one thing in common for a regular TV viewer like myself — they are the faces of the bad hats in all the thrillers and Westerns we see. Those eyes, moustaches, smiles — we have seen them a thousand times. And, let me warn them, though they have their periods of smiling exultantly, they always end up with those

faces furrowed with misery or must be censored; that goes without saying. But everything else, must and should be published. It does more harm than good to censor our seeing a photograph of a murdered POW, submitted by us to the Red Cross, when it is published in London's "The Observer." Yet this was done, and it is not an isolated example. Apart from the objection in principle, "selection" of news, i.e. repression — only works, if it ever does, under a dictatorship which bans access to all other sources of information. And this is very difficult to enforce, even in fascist and communist lands: Europe did manage to listen to the BBC during World War II, despite Nazi objections, and Russian Jews do pick up Israel. If the authorities are really concerned about morale, which is questionable, they have to face the grim and unpleasant truth that old Abe was right: you can't fool all the people all the time, however hard you try. It's easiest in the long run, and best for morale, to spill the beans. Ram Evron complained to Leah Porat that the theatre should be grim and earnest, in keeping with the times, and should not proliferate frothy comedies. This seems to me a ridiculous thesis. In fact, now that we are in for a long struggle, it seems to me that we should stop behaving like a people in endless mourning, but should conduct ourselves as other countries have done during lengthy crises. We should try to get as much fun out of life as we can, instead of going to meet our doom with long faces, wallowing like a Greek chorus. I think I outsmarted Ram Evron this week. He did his usual act of not introducing anyone, but I'm sure I recognized him, Rosenfeld and Leah Porat from other occasions, and so use their names with confidence.

THE BAN on the faces of any leaders because we are so near elections is the most preposterous act of imbecility I have ever known, and has resulted in some weird shots. I swear I saw, on the picture of Kissinger's press conference at Lod Airport, Abba Eban jumping around and trying to get into the picture, like the little boys in the crowd, at football matches. I certainly heard his disembodied voice, and it's not an easy voice to disembody. The Gadli Yagil entertainment on Monday was a delight, terrific, just what the doctor ordered. Let's have more like this.

would have made a better spot here; you get them at the First Channel; the Hebrew sections *jeans boutique* — my favourite commentary on what happens when work clothes become the copiate of the white-collar masses. Saddened but not surprised, I switched over quickly to the First Channel, considered purer in these matters, to catch the tail end of the "Men and Figures" discussion. It seemed to be about whether, should gasoline rationing come, a "legal black market" in coupons ought to be permitted. Yes, thought the panel; it could not effectively be prevented, and besides, there would be a certain social justice in permitting the poor man, who decides to leave his car home and take a bus to work, to sell his coupons at a profit to the "rich man with the big car."

So far so good; but the panel, though often dealing with public transportation, never seems to me to go far enough. Why not give the Second Israel that regularly rides buses a piece of this black-market pie? They, too, should get these hypothetical petrol ration coupons, to sell to the cultural — or at least financial — elite; and come to think of it, families with over five children should be issued coupons for each of the children, including babes in arms.

THE BBC provides the English

RADIO / Helga Dudman

Kissinger's Sunday

upon to deal in eternal verities, the Farmers' Corner. But here, too, we learned that flowers, of all things, are about to feel the fuel pinch in their heating systems. It is getting more and more expensive to run the stoves that keep the hothouses hot in winter; so one piece of advice was that perhaps we have been overdoing things and should just wait for warm weather. In any case, farmers ought to "check walls for cracks, see that doors are tightly closed, and keep cellars clean so that winter sunlight gets through." Which thrifty farmers should have been doing for years.

WORKING BACKWARDS, on Kissinger's Sunday, the six p.m. deslot on the Second Channel devoted to the election campaign voted that day, to be devoted to the large blocks. Instead, the major concern was to neither of the large blocks. The "Second Israel" and the social gap, as emphasized by the Yemite Party (which bangs a little

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Commencing Saturday, Dec. 22, at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.
Daily at 7.00 and 9.00 p.m. - Matinee at 4.00 p.m.

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664018

Lady Whirlwind

ARMON Tel. 664848

SUR UN ARBRE

ATZMON Tel. 663003

THE GETAWAY

BET ROTHSCHILD

What's Up Doc?

CHEN Tel. 666272

Un Homme Nome La Rocca

ONLY Tel. 81568

The World's Greatest Athlete

IRON Tel. 668068

The Vendetta Of Spartacus

MORIAH Tel. 242477

FREITZ THE CAT

STUDIO Tel. 55817

Journal Intime

D'une

Demi-Vierge

TOHELET Tel. 443950

Play It Again, Sam

WOODY ALLEN

TEL AVIV Tel. 251181

OMAR SHARIF

FLORINDA BOLKAN

Le droit D'almer

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON Tel. 445086

GARY GRIMES

DEBORAH WINTER

CLASS OF '44

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORAI Tel. 664017

FRIGHT

ORION Tel. 625999

The Chivalrous Gruts

ORDAN Tel. 663448

The Bird With The Crystal Plumage

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IRON Tel. 668068

The Vendetta Of Spartacus

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